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SOME EXPERIENCES IN HUNGARY

LOPASÓ PEASANTS.

RIBEK PEASANTS.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN HUNGARY

AUGUST 1914 TO JANUARY 1915

BY

MINA MACDONALD

WITH 15 ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

KATHARINE

5321.

PREFACE

The fateful month of August, 1914, found me installed as companion to the two daughters of a Hungarian magnate who resided in the vicinity of Pressburg. I had been treated precisely as one of the family; nor did the unexpected outbreak of war with Great Britain make any difference in their attitude towards an "enemy alien." Lord Byron used to say that he had an infallible method of ascertaining the social status of strangers presented to him. Gentlemen looked him straight in the face; while others instinctively glanced at his deformed foot! Judged by similar standards, the Hungarians with whom I came into contact after the declaration of war were immeasurably superior in point of good breeding to their German oppressors. The whole family at K——, from the Prince and Princess down to the humblest domestic in their employ, endeavoured to make me forget the extreme unpleasantness of my position; and although I never made any secret of my opinions, they discussed the vicissitudes of the war with pathetic frankness in my presence. I had further opportunities of gauging the sentiments of the heterogeneous nationalities which own allegiance to the House of Habsburg when a stream of wounded soldiers poured into K—— after the first Russian invasion of Galicia. They are epitomized in the remarks

of a Panslav doctor, who placed me in charge of an improvised hospital where these poor creatures received all the care that our very limited resources could bestow :—

"If the Central Powers win we become a province of Germany; if they lose it's the disintegration of Austria. A country composed of so many races, each one more discontented than the other, must not risk going to war. It's all the fault of that puffed-up, vainglorious peacock in Berlin" (p. 40).

In the spring of last year I escaped from a position which had become intolerable, despite all the efforts of my kind host and hostess to alleviate it. Although such papers of identification as I could secure were extremely irregular, I had no difficulty in making my way to Switzerland, *viâ* Vienna and Innsbruck. If other British subjects in Austria proper were treated more rigorously, they must lay the blame on instructions received from Berlin. My own experiences in a Hungarian family during the throes of a world-war may, perchance, induce British readers to think more kindly of the gallant Magyar race; and to join me in regretting that a sympathy which dated back to the rebellion of 1849 should be destroyed by German intrigue.

M. M.

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SOME EXPERIENCES IN HUNGARY

AUGUST

The village of K—— stands in a pleasant mountain valley among the White Carpathians on the borders of Moravia. It rambles in an easy inconsequent way up one side of a hill and down the other, and beyond the natural beauty of its surroundings there is nothing of note in it. It cannot even lay claim to the various dissensions of its neighbouring town S—— where representatives of every race, religion, and political party to be found in Austria and Hungary, keep the town like a boiling pot. It is far otherwise in K—— which is solidly and frankly Slovak, Catholic, and anti-Austrian. The peasants who, with the exception of the priest, the schoolmaster, and the inn-keeper, constitute the population of the village, are all dirty, drunken, hard-working, and intelligent. Strangers are received by them with the natural kindness of those living among the hills, but with a certain amount of indifference and detachment in their manner which keeps the stranger always at arm's length. They are too accustomed now to the continual stream of visitors

coming and going at the Schloss to feel even curious, and the world that lies beyond the White Carpathians has little to interest them.

The Schloss is an old white building full of beauty and interest, built on the hill below the village, in the midst of a park where Maria Therese used to hunt. Though very old the house has happily suffered little through imprudent restoring, and despite constant improvements its beauty has not been impaired, as has so often happened with old Hungarian houses. The gardens which surround the Schloss are so beautifully laid out and so ornamented with fountains and statues that K—— is known to Hungarians as the Miniature Versailles; the head gardener being a person of such serious importance in K—— that even the Herrschaft at the Schloss speak of and treat him not as an ordinary gardener but as a Man of Art. Indoors, too, the house confirms its reputation of being a small Versailles, for the collection of pictures and antiquities, begun centuries ago, is pursued by the Prince of to-day with vigour, and carping guests have been heard to remark that though there wasn't a chair in the Schloss but had a history and a value that made ordinary mortals' hair stand on end, there also wasn't one that offered any ease or comfort except in the Prince's den where all was modern—but sacred to the Prince.

Life was always merry at the Schloss, and it was a very jolly party that Excellenz von R—— found gathered there when she arrived hot and cross from Vienna, on June 28, 1914, bringing her bad news. We were: the Prince and Princess—the best-natured and most happy-go-lucky of all hosts and hostesses; their

daughters, Claire aged twenty-one, fair, blue-eyed and very beautiful, and Billy aged eighteen, large and dark and interested in all things pertaining to sport; General T——, round, white-haired, and explosive—once Commandant of a very famous Galician fortress, but now living in irksome retirement in Vienna; his son Walther, a lieutenant of Ulans, known to us as "The Babe"; finally, myself, known to everybody as Jerry—a name which no circumstances could make beautiful, and which became heart-breaking when invariably pronounced there as "Sherry."

Everybody knew and liked Excellenz von R——, who was a very gay and enterprising old lady, and Claire, Billy, and I who had looked forward in pleasure to her coming, awaited her at the gates and clambered into the carriage from both sides as it passed—for Jan, the coachman who had driven Excellencies to and from the Schloss for the past twenty-five years, found it beneath his dignity to stop at the gates to take us in, so we tumbled in as best we could on and around Excellenz, whose face was long and tragic.

"Ach, my dear children, have mercy on old bones! And I bring you bad news! The Tronfolger and his wife were shot to-day in Sarajevo. Oh, poor Sophie!" and Excellenz, who was an intimate friend of the Duchess, burst into tears. "It's quite true too—official before I left Vienna this afternoon."

But Jan was before her at the house and called as he drove up, to the footman on the steps—

"Tronfolger mit Frau heute geschossen."

German, which he insisted on speaking, was not Jan's strong point. The footman, a Bohemian and

anti-Austrian, sniffed at this lack of breeding, and answered very casually "So." Excellenz, though she was still weeping, was very angry and shook her fist at Jan, but she got her innings in the hall where the Princess was awaiting—in perplexity as she saw Excellenz's wrath and tears.

"What, Francesca, you arrive in tears at K——?"

"Yes, I should think I do—it's too awful," and Excellenz sobbed out her news.

"What nonsense!" said the Princess. "How can you believe these wild stories? Besides, who would shoot that pair?"

"But it's official."

"What is official?" asked the Prince appearing.

"The Archduke and Sophie were shot to-day in Sarajevo."

"Then what the devil made them go there? They might know beforehand that they wouldn't get out of there with whole skins," he replied, greeting his guest.

In the drawing-room I found the General, who in the excitement of the moment had been forgotten. He said as usual, "Pooh! that's not a funny joke, Sherry."

"That may be; but it's official, and you ought not to receive your 'officials' with 'pooh,' but perhaps it's your way here. Here is Excellenz von R—— in tears —she has brought the news from Vienna."

"Old wives' tales! I don't believe it."

Excellenz nevertheless persuaded him.

"Donnerwetter! Jesus Maria! And she tried to save him! Plucky woman—always was plucky. Skinflint though—a skinflint. Too fond of the Jesuits! This plot was arranged in Serbia, I'll stake my life—

stake my life. Ach, those Serbs! The scum of creation—scum of creation! We must exterminate them one day. They have always been a trouble, but this will bring about their end at last. Ach, the poor Archduke and the poor Duchess! Ach! Pooh!"

"Personally," said the Prince, "I think you needn't be so angry with the Serbs. They've done us a good turn really. The Archduke—it's useless to pretend otherwise, General—was the best hated man in Austria, and the Duchess the best-hated woman. Both cared only for the Church. They won't really be regretted. The young Karl Franz Josef may be the saving of Austria at a critical moment."

"Why critical?" I asked.

"Strained relations everywhere—between Hungarian and Austrian, Hungarian and Slav—everything is at sixes and sevens. We're in a bad way."

"And this is due to discontent with the murdered Archduke? With Karl Franz Josef it will be otherwise?"

"Who can tell? He is younger and is more likely to listen to reason. Franz Ferdinand as regards foreign policy was a failure, and had he lived to be Kaiser we should probably have had a split with Germany. The new Tronfolger's views I believe are very different, and, as I said already, he can possibly be led."

Excellenz von R—— during her stay in K—— remained sad over the murder of her friend, and no one spoke of anything but the political complications which might ensue. The plot, it seemed, had been known to the military and civil authorities in Sarajevo,

and several arrests made even before the tragedy. The Archduke was very uneasy, and asked the Governor, General Potiorek, if it was safe to venture out to the reception in the town hall. "Absolutely safe," General Potiorek was unwise enough to reply, "I can stake my own life on your Highnesses' safety.

After Excellenz von R—— returned to Vienna the Bores arrived *en masse* to spend the whole month of July in K——. They were the Princess's young brother Count R——, his wife, and children, Elizabeth and Stefan. It is not without reason that they are known as the Bores. The Count was the most bearable of them—but even he was trying to one's nerves in hot weather. He was gay and irresponsible—had squandered his own fortune, and as much of his wife's as she would allow him, at baccarat. His particular sin was his unfortunate habit of writing verse to each and all of us and singing it, to his own melodies, on every embarrassing occasion. His verse was clever—and usually true, consequently it annoyed. The Countess was a politician, devoting her attentions to the General, who spent his days in trying to avoid her.

"Jesus Maria!" he would say when, red and panting, he had made good his escape. "In all my years in Bosnia and Galicia I never had anything like this—pooh!"

Elizabeth—usually called Bethi—was sixteen, and Stefan was twelve. Both were small but they overran the whole Schloss; no person or thing was sacred to them, and no room escaped invasion. They had an aggravating persistency in asking questions which no one could ever answer. Bethi was being educated in

the Convent of the Sacré Cœur in Budapest, where all disliking her, the nuns advised her mother to have the girl's education completed at home—an advice which we in Schloss K—— could so well understand and sympathise with! My bedroom was the one room which, above all others, Bethi loved, and enter it when I might there she was with her paper of questions—usually historical.

"Ach, dear Missherry, don't be cross. I like your room die best. It ees gut cool. I read an interesting book on Charlemagne at present—and can you tell me, for Claire don't know—what was die name of his grand-nephew what became king of —— ?"

Then Bethi would find herself in the passage and my door securely bolted against further invasion. The children were always first in church, occupying the most comfortable chairs in the chancel. Once they actually established themselves in the large velvet chairs placed for the Prince and Princess. Billy could not succeed in dislodging them, and Claire and I, on arrival, had to use force—to the amusement of all the peasant children—which so insulted Stefan that he sulked during Mass till he conceived the brilliant idea of stretching out his foot far enough to trip up an altar boy. The priest stumbled in the "Lavabo inter innocentes manus meas," and the old church servant, who had in earlier days been the village schoolmaster, shot out of the sacristy, as was his custom when the attention of the acolytes wandered, and soundly cuffed the unfortunate altar-boy. Happily the Countess had seen, and Stefan had a very bad quarter of an hour afterwards in the Schloss.

But, despite the Bores, we younger people were very happy and soon forgot all about the murders, though there were days when older people looked very serious and shook their heads as the newspapers grew ominous. We continued to play tennis as gaily as ever with Little Poli, English Ponto, Captain Scharrer, "Bashibazouck" and other 11th Dragoons from Göding —a garrison town which was far away, but motors were quick and the roads not too bad, and because, as Little Poli said, there are only two places in the world where one really was at home—home and Schloss K——, the 11th Dragoons never found the distance too great.

Little Poli—the six foot high "Einjährigerfreiwilliger"—was our favourite. He was quiet and good-humoured, had read everything, and always guessed the things one wanted to talk about.

Two days before the first declaration of war the Dragoons were at K—— as usual, and English Ponto, being more aggressively English than ever, became my partner in an "International" at tennis—Britain *v.* Hungary (Billy and Poli).

"Now," said the Prince, "here we have the coming war—who backs England?" Nearly everybody did, and thanks to Ponto's good playing and Poli's bad playing, England won.

"Oh," said the Prince, "that is only at tennis—Poli can't play. In war it is different."

"If you think," said Captain Scharrer, "that he fights any better than he plays tennis, you're mistaken! But why do you talk like that? When do you imagine England and Hungary will be at war?"

"Ad Kalendas Graecas," laughed the Prince.

There were days of tension after the ultimatum went to Serbia. The press was very restrained but clearly uneasy, and did not attempt to justify the extravagant tone of the ultimatum. General opinion as to whether the Serbs would fight or not was not very divided, and there were few who did not agree that Serbia was never intended to fight. She was simply to behave herself in future and Austria was to see that she did it. General T—— was indignant at the ultimatum.

"Berchtold again! Soft-headed fool—pooh! There are so many ways of getting what one wants—he must just choose this one! This way may really lead to war, and we are not prepared—no money, no munitions—nothing, nothing! Ach, it's an awful business! Perhaps Serbia won't dare to fight . . . if the Russians back her she will!"

"You surely can scarcely imagine that any country could take such an ultimatum lying down?" I suggested.

"Pooh," he replied, "you can't deny that they've always been a thorn in our flesh. But my country is mad—mad! Nobody seems to realise what this can lead to. The Serbs are good fighters too. If Russia backs them we're done for. Na, I must get back to Vienna now, for Walther will have to go if there's war. Pooh—they're all crazy everywhere."

Even the Man of Art grew mournful among his rose-bushes. He was Croatian and bitterly anti-Austrian.

"Ach, Fräulein! There are sad days coming, for that wasn't an ultimatum that went to Serbia—it was a declaration of war. The Serbs will fight, Fräulein. I know the race; they are brave men such as we have

in Croatia. Of course they'll fight. They are real soldiers and have real officers—old General Putnik—that's a man! They'll beat us, Fräulein, and I'll have to go and fight against them too—against my own race. Bah! we're slaves here in Austria."

"No," I said, encouragingly, "I don't think you'll have to go. You're too old."

"Na, the old ones will have to go too—unless I can perhaps get out of it some way. The doctor may not find me fit."

"I shouldn't put much hope in that," I said, as I doubtfully surveyed the large and healthy Man of Art, "but perhaps your eyesight is defective. It's a pity for you to go and fight the Serbs when every person thinks that the murder of the Archduke was such a good thing for Austria."

"Fräulein, you don't understand, the Archduke was really no friend to Germany—that's why they don't like him. This country is done—it has no life in itself and looks to Germany to save it if ever it's in trouble. I tell you they're glad—actually glad—to have the poor Archduke out of the way. Who knows if Serbia really was behind that murder! Na, one doesn't say those things. . . ."

"And the new Tronfolger?"

"He is young and dashing—and Germanophile. He's no favourite with the Slavs."

Then came the Serbs' reply and the partial mobilisation of the Austrian army. Everybody looked grave and the Prince became distinctly irritable.

"Just in the middle of the harvest, too! What a time of year to send an ultimatum! How the

devil do they expect me to get my harvest in, if they take my men away? The lifting of the beets won't even begin for six weeks yet."

"War will be finished by then," said Billy, "and Serbia will have ceased to exist."

"And what of little Poli—the beautiful Dragoon with the sky-blue coat?" asked Claire. "Won't you have to return to Göding and join your regiment now?"

"This upsets all my plans for the summer," replied the soldier, "and it's very annoying, and it's too bad of them to spring a war upon peace-loving soldiers like this. They'll telephone to me if they want me, and I won't move from here till they do."

"And if the telephone is out of order, as it usually is, you'll just be shot as a deserter," said Billy.

"Nevertheless, I won't go," said Poli, for the Einjährigerfreiwilliger was a man of peace and did not appreciate a Government which enforced days of war-like pursuits upon him each year.

But Poli had to go, for one morning about four o'clock, as the church bells were ringing the Angelus, the order for a general mobilisation was "drummed out" —in Hungary the town crier always uses a drum. Being much too sleepy to grasp what he said, I promptly went to sleep again, and in the morning discovered that I was the one person in the Schloss who had not been at all upset by the news, and that I was regarded by all as something approaching a monster of callousness. There was the wildest confusion inside and outside the Schloss when I came downstairs; all the outdoor servants had gathered in the courtyard to

say good-bye before leaving to report themselves at their "Kaders"; indoors the housemaids were crying as they went about their work, and it was with difficulty that the Princess, Claire, and I managed at last to get some sort of a breakfast served by a scared-looking butler. The Prince and Billy had been up at the stables for some time, for the officials had already arrived to claim the horses on the Government list. "And all our riding-horses will have to go—every one of them," sobbed the Princess, "yes, even Hadur—nothing but Claire's little horses, which are too young, and one other pair will be left." Hadur was the Prince's favourite horse and I suggested that one of the other pair should be substituted for him—among all the thousands of horses nobody would notice. That, I was told, would not be honest, and I agreed that it certainly would not. It was, nevertheless, done, and the prospect of being able to continue his gallops on Hadur over the hills began to revive the Prince's drooping spirits, and, as he hastily swallowed some coffee, he predicted dire disaster to the Russians.

"Na, they'll get it now from us—they're certainly backing Serbia. But this will be the end of Russia—time they were taught a lesson—openly backing murderers! Murderers I say!"

"But you have always maintained that the Serbs have done you a kindness in ridding you of the Archduke, so why are you so angry with them?"

"What—do you want to quarrel with me, Sherry? Time enough for that when we're at war with England—ad Kalendas Graecas!" and the Prince disappeared to his stables again.

THE INN AT K——.

THE APPROACH TO K—— VILLAGE.

After breakfast Claire, Billy, and I, successfully evading the Bores, went to the farm to see if we could get any sort of a vehicle to take us in to S——, the nearest town eight miles away; but we found that the horses, and everything on wheels, were taking the Prince's people to the station. At length an aged groom, a farm horse and a rickety briczka were unearthed, and off we set. The briczka had no seats, so we sat peasant-wise on straw on the floor, taking the reins in turns. Our horse was gentle but she had character—a lady of mature years with an inscrutable Monna Lisa-like expression, arousing in us a deep feeling of respect which the lady's subsequent behaviour soon changed. At first she refused to leave the farm at all, and when our persuasive words and blows at length decided her to amble gently towards the village she stopped dead at the inn. Our efforts to dislodge her being vain, the assistance of the innkeeper had to be summoned. "What," he said, roaring with laughter, "the Herrschaft want to go to S—— with this beast?"

At this point a cart-load of Jews from their village of Sabotest passed and they, one and all, joined heartily in the innkeeper's laughter. This was more than Monna Lisa could bear, and pricking her ears she mournfully quitted the village. Once out on the high-road she was inspired by the unwonted animation there, and broke into a very lively gallop which we could not induce her to abandon; our briczka followed as much in the air as on the road, and we shot up and down in it like indiarubber balls, all the way to S——. The road was simply alive—

peasants leading in their horses, recruits wearing the Hungarian red, white and green in their hats, cart-loads of Jews huddled together weeping and wailing because their Moishes and Aarons had to go, wild-looking gipsies who had never done military service, dancing and singing in the gladness of their hearts that when others were taken they were left to steal and sing. Being led by our now gay and intrepid Monna Lisa through all this caused us some anxious moments, for, amid all the excitement, the rules of the road were of small account, and we narrowly escaped killing some of the Emperor's Hungarian soldiers before they had seen either Russian or Serb.

The town of S—— was seething with excited gesticulating crowds of people—all soldiers and recruits were drunk—the women-folk sobbing and screaming—the gipsies who lived in the town drunken and singing and dancing like their brethren in the country—every one was hurried and anxious, men, women, children and horses were all mixed up and military automobiles rushing about everywhere. But Monna Lisa's spirit did not fail her—she galloped through it all. Claire and I collapsed among the straw at the bottom of the cart, but Billy, inspired by Monna Lisa, cast a contemptuous glance at us, and stood up to drive, bawling lustily to clear the way as she did so. Everything fled at our approach and we reached the Oberstuhlrichter's door in safety, but so bruised and breathless that we could hardly move.

Our friend, the Oberstuhlrichter was so harassed and overworked, that he had nothing to say but—"For the love of Heaven, my dears, go away. I really

know nothing myself except that Germany and Russia are now into the fray and I've got to get all the recruits away from here at once. Now go away and leave me."

From him we went to Aunt Sharolta and Uncle Pista —in Hungary all older people are addressed as uncle or aunt. Aunt Sharolta was nearly blind, but wonderfully sweet and gentle; and Uncle Pista was small, round and jovial—red-faced and white-haired. He always wore a piece of plaster on his nose, and we often speculated as to what might be below that plaster, for it certainly never was changed, and whether it had originally been black or pink no one knew, for from time immemorial it was grey. He was the most intrepid politician I have ever met. He had learned geography sixty years ago, had forgotten it for fifty, and I doubt if he rightly knew where Serbia lay from Austria. His daughters' geographical views were based on their father's; they had also long forgotten all about maps—what did one need to bother with maps for unless one travelled, and what was the good of having a comfortable home if one left it to travel as the English do? Uncle Pista never travelled. On the rare occasions he went to Vienna, he did so under protest, and only if a very necessary and delicate piece of work required a more skilful dentist than S—— could produce. In Vienna he stayed with a married daughter, never went out except to the dentist, or in the afternoon to allow himself the luxury of an hour in a café, to drink a cup of coffee and read the evening papers. The Prince maintained that nothing more important came into Pista's life than the choosing of

a new hat—an affair of real anxiety to him and to his immediate circle of friends: the doctor, without consulting whom Uncle Pista never moved, was called in with his wife, also the Oberstuhlrichter with his wife, and after much deliberation the doctor was deputed to write to Vienna, Laibach, Milan, Paris, and London for catalogues. Then, after the arrival of the catalogues, a second conseille de famille was held, and the patterns formally discussed. A suitable style being chosen, the doctor ordered the hat—in which Uncle Pista's first appearance, as he went to Mass, was an object of widespread interest.

The Prince did not really exaggerate, for it was matters of this nature that occupied the lives and interests of those simple comfortable people in S——. When, on this particular day, we appeared in their house, hot and breathless and looking as if we had been picked out of the hay-stack, we found Uncle Pista bemoaning his horses and saying that if this sort of thing would continue he would have no nerves left. Aunt Sharolta was turning out all her drawers for things to manufacture into comforts for the soldiers, and having unearthed a piece of grey material embroidered with rose-buds she was making it into a chest-protector.

"Our boys," she explained, "will die of cold in Russia, if we don't make warm clothes for them."

"What's more to the point, my horses will die of cold in Russia," grumbled Uncle Pista.

"You don't think, then, that the Russians may break into Galicia?" I suggested.

"What an idea! Our army won't let them.

Russia will take six weeks to mobilise—she can't do it in less—and by that time we shall have finished off Serbia and we can join the Germans in Russia. It's a pity though that the German Kaiser didn't keep quiet; of course he knows best, and there's no question but the Tsar was very impertinent to him lately, and William is hot-tempered. I've no doubt it's for the best, and it's one of God's mercies that we have the Kaiser behind us to help us against Russia. Our boys will be in St. Petersburg long before Christmas. But if you have nothing to do till the newspapers arrive, go and see the horses leave for Pressburg, and come back and tell me if mine are away yet."

The horses went by road to Pressburg—one man in charge of two horses, the journey lasting two days. We arrived just as the Schloss K—— horses were being called out, and we had some very anxious moments when Hadur's turn came, but the fraud was never discovered. The little fox-terrier that lived in the stables and always followed the horses had come in from K—— with them, and unobserved by the grooms, started also for Pressburg; he was a good distance along the road when we noticed, started off in pursuit and brought him sulking home to K—— to be "suffered" by John Thomas. John Thomas was not a footman, but the most sociable and amusing of dachshunds, and, as he came from Rome, neither his upbringing nor do I think his ancestry was Teutonic. It was in Rome too, that he got his English name. He lived for two things only—food and getting out. His ideals might not be of a very high order, but he was nevertheless delightful, and remained my friend

throughout the difficult days that followed. I always found him appreciative when, at a later date, I told him in the safety of my bedroom, what I thought of the Germans—this may have been due to his Italian upbringing and his English name, but it was, in any case, always a comfort to feel that there was, in the house, one living thing which couldn't disagree with one.

The immediate effect of the general mobilisation, which tried us most of all, was that the railways were closed to the public, and the Bores who had meant to leave in two days, were now stranded on us for an indefinite period in K——.

Partridge shooting opened on August 1st, and the Prince and Billy—for the keepers were all away at their Kaders—collected some beaters—among whom the naughty and clever Joszo, resplendent in carpet slippers, a pair of old gaiters, and an old cartridge belt—and set out to a melancholy half-hearted shoot, from which Billy returned in a dismal humour. They had shot little and had thought all the time of the men—German, Austrian, Russian, and French—who had shot with them last year and who were now engaged in shooting one another; the Prince had spoken all the time, too, of his friend the Grand Duke Nicholai Nicholaievich, who had hitherto been such a charming and clever man, but who, now that he was to lead the Russians, was nothing but a mahogany-coloured giant; and it was a disgusting world, and how could anybody ever be happy again, and to think that one had to go down to tea and meet those Bores! And Billy was very miserable and unhappy.

The days that followed were very anxious. France, the newspapers said, declared war on Germany; and Austria felt cross and shocked. How could France declare war on any country when she was herself, as the whole world knew, so little prepared? But there would be a revolution in France, and Poincaré would be guillotined for rushing his country into war like that. Oh yes, all were agreed, nothing was surer than that Poincaré would meet the traitor's death he deserved. The question of what Britain would do caused much thought and talk, and as no English newspapers or letters had got through to me since the Austrian mobilisation began, we had no idea of how England regarded the international crisis, but everybody seemed convinced that she must remain outside the fray. My return to England had been planned for September, and I began to think that I ought to try to leave at once, but this was laughed down.

"How do you propose to go, Jerry—by private balloon? For everything on wheels is in the hands of the army at present. No, whatever happens you must just stay with us—even if England should join in, you will easily be home for Christmas—the war will be finished long before then. But England won't fight, so why should we break our heads about it?"

I pointed out that treaty obligations would hardly allow Great Britain to stand aside.

"Treaty obligations don't count any more," said the Prince; "the Germans are in Belgium."

"Great Britain, I imagine, does not accept the German view of treaty obligations. Can't you really

see that Germany is committing a crime in going through Belgium like that?" I asked the Prince.

"No, absolutely not, when the French were already in Belgium before France declared war on Germany. And even supposing they were not there, Germany would still be right in forcing her way through—it's a case of the survival of the fittest. He's a nice fool that King of the Belgians! He had simply to allow the Germans through, and he would have been well paid for it by William. Old Leopold would not have been so silly."

"There you are right," I said, "he probably would have sold his country."

"Now, Jerry, don't be impertinent! Anything you say now will be used against you if England declares war on us. Don't forget you're our prisoner then. Won't that be sport, girls? I have charge of all her financial arrangements, so she can't move till I like. We'll feed her on bread and water three times a day, and we'll enjoy ourselves immensely."

When the declaration of war did come it sobered us somewhat! The Princess quickly recovered and said—

"Why do you worry about it, Jerry? It's not a matter between you and me, but between Grey and Berchtold—let them scratch each other's eyes out if they like. After all, I'm not sure that I'm so angry with them, for it means that now you've got to remain here indefinitely—nolens volens. I am very glad, for it will be fearfully dull here without our usual big shooting parties. And now come and play bridge."

That was the way in which the Princess looked at

it all the time. It was impossible for me to persuade her that to have an enemy alien in the house might be very unpleasant for her: she could never see why, though England and Germany hated each other so cordially, she and I could not remain the good friends we had always been and live peacefully in the same house.

The Bores were very contemptuous—as were all Austrians and Hungarians—about England's embarking on a war with Germany; but the Prince was very serious about it, and said that though England was undoubtedly on the losing side one should not speak so lightly of her resources and her money . . . her money. . .

"And if it should become a money war, where are you then?" I asked.

"It won't be a money war," said Bethi, "pfui—pfui—pfui! You are an enemy, and you and your friends the French will get a nice smashing——" but before she had time to get further, she was seized by Count R—— and Billy and was escorted to her room.

The Princess then took the opportunity of saying that she wished it to be understood once and for all that politics were not to be discussed in presence of Jerry—they didn't wish to offend Jerry, and Jerry had no wish to offend them; and discussions under existing circumstances were not possible without giving offence somewhere; besides, Jerry was only one, and they were never fewer than eight against her, and it wasn't fair."

"But don't listen to what my sister says," said Count R——, "we shall continue our arguments in the garden, Jerry." And in future our very heated

discussions really did take place among the Man of Art's roses and flower-beds where they seemed strangely out of place.

It was very easy for us to disagree, for, after a course of the *Neue Freie Presse*, the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* and the *Berliner Tagblatt*, with the exception of myself and the servants—the majority of whom were Slavs—the inmates of Schloss K—— were soon convinced that it was England that had been behind the whole conflagration: that jealous of Germany's dangerously increasing foreign trade, she sought to cripple it by a war, and accordingly it was at England's suggestion that Russia bribed the Serbs to assassinate the Archduke—an event which the Entente felt would certainly force Germany's hand.

"But I don't understand that at all. If the Archduke, as you all say here, was no friend to Germany, he was surely just the one man the Entente would wish to keep alive."

"But don't you see, Jerry, if the Archduke lived there could be no war—he wasn't friendly enough to Willy for that, so he had to go. England wanted war and knew that Berchtold, once the Archduke was removed, was not strong enough to prevent it."

"You acknowledge, then, that Germany has been behind all your ultimatums and declarations of war?"

"Absolutely; we are not strong enough to do anything ourselves, and Germany is the one hope of our existence. What can one do if one is so poor and so divided as we are? Oh, but Willy will save us—a plucky dashing fellow who will teach you all a lesson. You will shed bitter tears in England yet."

DIRNDL COSTUME.

JOSZÓ.

MARISCHA IN MORAVIAN COSTUME.

"We shall see, when the war is over, who will laugh and who will cry," I would reply.

I have said that all the servants were anti-Austrian. I wrong Marischa and probably also Therese. The latter was the maid who waited on me—a Vienna girl whose views were probably orthodox enough, but I always avoided any mention of war to her and so never knew. With Marischa it was different; her faith and her patriotism, which lowered her somewhat in the estimation of her Slav compatriots, could not be kept hid. She was a scullery-maid—round as a barrel, with a large, good-humoured face, was always in a hurry and always smiling, and dressed always in the black and red costume of Moravia. She spoke such a wonderful mixture of German and Slovak, that one always imagined her Slovak to be German, and her German to be Slovak. She was very religious, which she found to be a great drawback in her life; but she was built like that, she said, and she just had to put up with it! For she had had a husband who left her years ago, going to America, from where he wrote to say that he had had enough of her and did not intend to return to her. Then Stefka Stefan came into her life and she found him irresistible; he wasn't just a common peasant either, but the Man of Art's head man, a fact that made him of much importance in the village. He was small, sulky, and delicate looking, not as one pictures a hero of romance; but he was very devoted to Marischa and, if she could have got a divorce from her husband, he would have married her; but, as she explained to me in her inimitable way, this wasn't possible.

"Priest say no divorce, so Marischa yes just live like that with Stefan. Prince and Princess yes give Marischa and Stefan house. Marischa's husband no good man, but Stefan yes good man and yes want to marry Marischa: priest say no possible, so Marischa yes live just like that with Stefan."

Nevertheless her romance was a very real grief to Marischa, for the priest at confession would never give her absolution, and her enforced abstinence from communion pained her more than it would many of her class. The earthly tie was stronger and Stefka Stefan continued to work in the gardens at Schloss K—— and to live in Marischa's cottage. In spite of many protests the Prince was obdurate and refused to send the couple away, saying, with easy Hungarian carelessness, that the life in Marischa's cottage was better and purer than in the next house where at one side the gamekeeper beat his wife, and at the other the butler was in turn beaten by his wife. Marischa's loyalty simply oozed out of her.

"Kaiser brave man, yes brave man. Kaiser fears only God, so God let Kaiser win."

"Which Kaiser, Marischa?"

"German Kaiser. Our King Kaiser yes old man now not know like German Kaiser yes know—fears God—fears God."

It was a pity to spoil this beautiful faith, so I always remained on very good terms with Marischa, who always greeted me with a smile of affection and pity that was touching.

News of great deeds soon came from Serbia, where the Austrians were supposed to be already in the heart

of the country. No lie was ever too big for the Austrian papers, and the jubilation throughout the country over the imaginary successes in Serbia knew no bounds. In those days, when the news from Belgium made me weep in private, it was a wonderful consolation to find John Thomas's cold nose pushed into my hand and his doggie eyes say so clearly, "What are you down-hearted about? These people here don't understand. Take me for a walk, and we'll both feel better."

John Thomas was usually right, for the soft beauty of the White Carpathians, and the friendly "Go with God, Mistress," of the Slovak peasant women were very soothing. The fields had become very empty and sad: instead of the crowds of jolly handsome young peasant lads, singing their beautiful Slovak songs as they worked, there were now only a few old men and women, and gipsies who would follow one any distance begging all the time for "a Kreutzer for the love of God, Mistress."

The men-servants who had gone to their Kaders soon began to return. First came the Man of Art. We had all been sitting outside on the terrace when we heard that this first of the heroes had returned, and he was at once summoned to give his report. His heart was bad, so bad that the doctor feared that the exertion of even a few days' military service might kill him, therefore—with many shakes of his head—he would never fight for his country.

"Where did they tell you that?" I asked.

"In Agram, Fräulein," very mournfully.

"They didn't expect you to believe it, I hope?"

But the Princess interrupted. "Don't ask these

awkward questions, Jerry. We're much too glad to have him back again to go very deeply into the details of his terrible illness. And now, Herr Gärtner, give us all your news of the war."

He did, and how they wished he didn't!

"The Herrschaft all thought Russia would take six weeks to mobilise—well, the Russians are in Galicia now. Our armies there were far too small and badly prepared, and they have been cut to pieces. The great body of troops is being withdrawn from Serbia up to Galicia, and we have had very serious reverses in Serbia too. It's our officers that are no good. I travelled with a Bulgarian who had come from Moscow to Agram through Roumania, and he says the Russian mobilisation is complete, and that he didn't think there were so many men on earth as he saw pouring through Moscow as the Siberian troops came up. The Herrschaft cannot hear those things, as they sit in the gardens here away from it all, but I know for a fact that the Russians are in Galicia and Lemberg is about to fall."

"And yet the newspapers speak only of the success of our offensive against Serbia," said Claire, in tears.

"Our newspapers are the most lying on earth, Highness, and I tell you that Austria will lose, and lose badly in this war."

Consternation of all! An Englishwoman to hear all this!

"That will do," said the Prince, shortly, "and I should advise you not to repeat in the village what you've just said, else you'll get yourself into trouble."

The Princess then hurried the offender off to the gardens before more could be said.

In a few days the gamekeeper arrived back, to the annoyance of his wife, who had hoped that the war would end her beatings for some time. His uncle was an army doctor, and no reasonable being could expect the gamekeeper to be strong and well in such circumstances—heart disease again, of the most incurable kind. The butler and the first footman returned from Bohemia—the one with varicose veins, and the other with heart disease.

The newspapers were silent about the Russian front, but became more and more triumphant about events in Serbia, where Conrad von Hötzendorf expected the whole Serbian army to be surrounded in a few days by the Austrians under General Potiorek, who, in his capacity of Military Governor of Bosnia, when the Archduke and his wife were shot, had been sent to punish the Serbs.

I soon began to receive and to send English letters through Rome, and during the rest of the time I was in Hungary I had no trouble with my mails, despite the fact that foreign correspondence was forbidden to enemy aliens. It was very difficult for me to realise that I was an enemy alien, for my liberties were hindered in no way. I walked with John Thomas and my camera quite openly over the hills, meeting the gendarmes on the way very often. They never interfered with me, and pretended not to notice my camera. The Oberstuhlrichter was always kind, and inquired regularly if I received letters from home, or if I had any difficulties in which he could help me. It

was the difficulty of getting reliable news of the Allies that annoyed in these early days of the war; later on, one had got used to it. The Man of Art was my information bureau; he got his news from the Slav papers, which are suppressed in Austria, but are nevertheless circulated privately among the pan-Slavs. The priest also got them, and was known as a suspect. In that way I learned exactly how things were in Serbia and Galicia. At length, towards the end of the month, a day came when some of the truth got into the Vienna papers which mysteriously disappeared before I saw them. On my inquiring if no papers had come that day, the butler replied seriously that they had come just as usual, but there was bad news in them, and they were not to be left lying about.

The Princess busied herself with the Red Cross Society in S——, where they were opening a hospital for forty men; she returned from the meetings always very thankful that Schloss K—— was so "far from the madding crowd"; for the ladies in S—— spent most of their time quarrelling—the president did things without consulting the secretary, and *vicè versâ*, and each day some other person became offended: the S—— ladies were going to do all the work of the hospital themselves—scrubbing, washing, cooking, and nursing without any help. The Princess, not wishing to be mixed up in their rows, arranged to take twelve men out to K——: she would fit up a small house in the park as a hospital; she and I would nurse the soldiers, and an extra servant would be got in to clean up. At the end of the month the Admiral arrived from Vienna. He was no longer young, but he was

very enterprising, and, though for many years retired, he now offered himself to his country, which was ungrateful enough to evince no very pressing need of his services. It was his custom, when he came to the country, to lay aside all that might remind him of what we called "l'eau bleue," and of the city, and his costumes were many and varied. His particular favourite was a knickerbocker suit of grey that looked pink, or of pink that looked grey—nobody could ever decide which—and with this was worn a tie of discreet pink, and long, grey silk stockings.

Billy surveyed the stockings doubtfully when the Admiral stood ready with his gun.

"No, my dear old friend, no! The grey silk stockings are beautiful beyond our dreams, but our partridges are not used to such luxurious legs! It would not be sport—no—no!"

Billy remained firm, and the grey silk stockings disappeared, but black silk ones took their place, the Prince declaring they were embroidered in forget-me-nots, but he was the only person who saw the embroidery. The Admiral brought us all the news of Vienna, which he described as being in a state of wild enthusiasm and satisfaction. Day by day Italy's declaration of war on the Allies was awaited, and, as expectancy gradually died, Vienna's rage against Italy knew no bounds. A popular joke in the city then was:—

"Was ist der Dreibund? Ein Zweibund und ein Vagabund!"

But, the Admiral assured us, everybody knew that the Zweibund would win without the Vagabund: Willy

would see to that; he had all that was necessary to win a war, men, munitions, and brains. No, there never was a man so plucky as Willy. The Admiral's thoughts, from force of habit, lingered on things naval, and his morning greeting was, invariably—

"Good morning! To-day we shall hear something from the sea!"

We all grew impatient as time passed and the Admiral's big sea-battle failed to take place I once dared to suggest that the German Fleet was afraid to come out. The Admiral's remaining hairs literally stood on end.

"Afraid! Oh, Miss Jerry! You must have patience—they will come out in time. What do you suppose Willy built his Dreadnoughts for? To sit in the Kiel Canal, perhaps?"

There was never even a hint in the Austrian papers of any doings at sea at all; but the Man of Art knew of the clearing of enemy ships from the seas by the Allied Fleets. It was in the suppressed Slav papers.

"But how do you manage to get those papers?" I once asked.

"Na, Fräulein; don't ask me that. To have that known is as much as my life is worth. But you can be quite certain that I'm not the only person here who gets them."

Japan's declaration of war was the surprise of the Admiral's life, and his rage was almost classic. It was right, though, he said, for the Allies to welcome the yellow Japs to their rainbow collection of soldiers!

Uncle Pista was charmingly funny about Japan

one afternoon when Claire, the Admiral, and I went to tea to Aunt Sharolta.

"Japan will regret what she has done," and in anticipation of this his face grew rounder and redder. "There won't be much left of her by the time that Germany's done with her."

"How is Germany going to manage it?"

"By sending ships and men there, of course," he replied, contemptuously.

"And how will Germany manage that?" asked the Admiral, greatly amused.

"How!" repeated the old gentleman. "How does any ship go anywhere? By crossing the sea, of course."

"What about the British Navy on the way?" asked Claire.

"Why—would the German boats go near the British Navy?" and Uncle Pista was surprised and disappointed.

"Not intentionally—but they might find the British Navy difficult to avoid," said the Admiral.

"Then they wouldn't avoid it at all," said Uncle Pista, recovering his spirits. "They would just smash it up, as they're smashing up the English in Flanders just now, and then go on, and they would be in Japan in a few days."

"Good sailing!" commented the Admiral.

"Oh yes, there will be an end of Japan and of England, too! Willy will teach them the lesson they need. How glad I am that no child of mine ever learned English!" By this time we were literally roaring with laughter, and he paused in surprise.

"What are you all laughing at? Am I not right?" He had forgotten my nationality.

"Quite," I said, hoping he would continue. But Aunt Sharolta looked up from the chest-protector she was sewing and said—

"It is useless for you to talk like that, Pista, when we are being annihilated in Galicia and Serbia. Oh yes, I know the newspapers are very encouraging, but those who know say otherwise."

"Have patience! Have patience," said the Admiral. "Trust in Willy. And mark my words, to-morrow we shall hear something from the sea."

SEPTEMBER

Early in September, when one could again travel with some degree of comfort, Count and Countess R—— with Bethi and Stefan, to our unbounded joy, returned to Budapest. The Countess's first letter from there plunged the Princess and Claire into tears. What its contents were I never learned, but the Prince's remark, "That woman is the very devil. If she's here or if she's there, one's peace of mind is gone," was significant.

It was shortly after this that Therese, when she came one morning to waken me, was sobbing violently; and on my inquiring what was wrong, said—

"Lemberg has fallen! We shall have the Russians here in no time at all. We're just on their way to Pressburg, and it's the end of Austria—and it's those Germans who have done it."

"It may not be true," I suggested.

"It's quite true. The Herr Gärtner told me, and his bad news is always true."

The newspapers again disappeared that day, which was really very useless when the Man of Art told me all I wanted to know.

"Fräulein has perhaps heard that Lemberg has fallen?" he asked.

"Yes. And what will you do if the Russians come here on their way to Vienna?"

"Fräulein, if the Russians came here to-morrow, I should have no fear. We are all Slavs in this village and would know what to do. Fräulein is British, so she would not fear either. We know the Russians, we Slavs."

"You would not be sorry, then, if the Russians came?"

"Na, Fräulein . . . one doesn't say such things. . . . But there are few in this district who wouldn't prefer to be under the Russian than the Austrian. I was talking to the innkeeper last night, and he said——"

"Well, what did he say?" asked Claire, whose head suddenly appeared above the yew-hedge.

"That the taxes on alcohol are going to be enormous, and that I shall have to do without my sligovitz in future, Highness;" and the Man of Art resumed the tying up of a Dorothy Perkins that would climb in the wrong direction.

"Oh, give me a drink of water," said John Thomas, sitting beside the tap, his tongue out and a particularly wicked leer on his face.

"I suppose he has told you all about Lemberg?" asked Claire, as we moved away. "Go away, John Thomas, you're anti-Austrian, too."

"Not 'all,' I am sorry to say, nor was it from him that I first heard about it. You can't hide those things, Claire, and it would be easier for us all if you would let me hear your bad news with your good. Your newspapers have only very bad news of the Allies,

but, nevertheless, I do not try to meet the post, and burn the papers before you can see them."

"There are sometimes things in the papers that English people should not see. If you know already that Lemberg has fallen you may as well know how it fell. It fell through treachery. The station-master was the biggest traitor of all—then came the priests and the millers—yes the millers too. When the Austrians moved, the mill-wheels moved, and when the Austrians stopped the mill-wheels stopped. But they're all hung now—priests and millers and station-masters. That's, then, how your Russians got Lemberg."

"Scarcely surprising. You can't expect the Slavs to fight against their own race."

"The Ruthenes do. They are the most loyal fighters in the kingdom. The Babe's Ulans are all Ruthenes and he has no words to describe their pluck and courage. Is it not so?" she asked the Prince, who had joined us. And he replied in English, which he always used when he wanted to be impressive—

"Jost so. Die Ruthenes are die most splendid fighters in die kingdom."

This was far from being the opinion I had formed of them when I was in Galicia—which country is to the average Austrian and Hungarian as a sealed book, and beyond the fact that the oil wells are there, and that Jews still go about there in gabardine and ear-curls, they know and care little about it in Austria. Poles, Ruthenes, and Jews are equally discontented in Galicia —living like beasts in hovels where a British farmer would hesitate to put his pigs; all are lazy and nearly

all are illiterate, but they are very far from being stupid, and the Jew has to work very hard to make a living in Galicia.

The Admiral departed about the middle of the month, very disgusted with Italy, and still more contemptuous of his own "navy office," as he called it, for having not yet evinced any desire for his services. With him to a Vienna bank went the Princess's jewels and the Prince's celebrated collection of snuff-boxes. "Not that there's any danger of the Russians coming here, but things like that are better in the bank always."

From Roumanian friends very bright and encouraging letters came to me. One lady spoke of the Allies as her sons—George, Denis, Ivan, etc., and though I could still get few details even in that way, I at least understood that things were not all well with Fritz and old Fritzchen. "And as for the newspapers that you read there, they would make the heroes of Acts v. 1–10 blush! Fritz, too, has been buying up a lot of literature here; he needn't bother—he'll never make any headway with the Roumanian at all."

Then the Man of Art got into trouble. The Prince as he passed through the village one evening, overheard the Man of Art explaining in the inn, to a crowd of Slovak sympathisers, that the disintegration of Austria was at hand, and that all Slavs would soon be united in one great and glorious Russia. The Prince summoned him to his presence, and told him in language more forcible than elegant, that if he again heard such sentiments from him, or heard that he continued to preach sedition in the inn, he would

communicate with the Oberstuhlrichter, whose gendarmes would deal with the matter.

"Then Highness can send for them," said the Man of Art stoutly, "for I shall never stop saying what I think, and I repeat it now—Austria is rotten to the core. Highness can send me away this moment if he likes."

But Highness didn't, and his talk to the gardener made him far from being a hero in the eyes of the Princess and her daughters.

"How could you talk to him like that?" said the Princess. "What shall I do if he goes away now? Another Man of Art doesn't exist. We might find a gardener to grow flowers and fruit, but none to design and decorate dinner-tables, or lay out grounds like our Man of Art; and if you can't control your temper another time he may really go. We all know he's a pan-Slav. And what about it? Let him talk treason till he's tired; it will make no difference to the war."

An order was issued forbidding any civilian to possess weapons of any kind, and all had to be delivered up to the Oberstuhlrichter before the end of the month. The Prince and some other gentlemen in the district got special permits to keep their guns for their game. These measures, it was carefully explained to me, were taken in case of francs-tireurs, if the Russians should come.

"Then you do expect them?"

"Oh dear, no! But one must just take precautions beforehand you see."

"But if you are so sure the Russians won't come,

why does the Oberstuhlrichter bother with all those guns?"

"Because one really never knows just what might happen."

"But I can't understand why you're afraid of the Russians being troubled by francs-tireurs in the most notoriously pro-Russian district of Hungary."

"Oh, Jerry, really you are the stupidest person I've ever known," and the Princess, losing patience, would say no more.

The peasants all laughed, and said that the Oberstuhlrichter needn't be afraid of a pan-Slav rising after all their fighting men had been taken away to kill their brethren. They were very unguarded in their expressions of amused contempt, knowing that they might say just what they liked, and that the Oberstuhlrichter would be afraid to take further action.

Our days were spent in preparing our little hospital, under the doctor's supervision—work which necessitated many journeys for Claire and me to S——, and it was on one of those expeditions, as we were having tea at Aunt Sharolta's, that a Budapest lady, who was sitting beside me, asked if I had heard all about Galicia. I didn't in the least know what she meant, but thinking it wiser to appear as if I did, I replied—

"Oh yes; that can't be kept hidden."

"It really is awful."

"Yes, really awful," I agreed.

"And our officers have actually to fire on the Ruthenes from behind. Isn't it horrible that the Ruthenes are such traitors?"

"But if they prefer Russia to have Galicia?"

Poor Claire, who had insisted so carefully on the loyalty of the Ruthenes, could stand no more, and suggested that we should now get back to K——. We had come in with the dog-cart and Claire's horses, and as we were leaving we noticed that the sky was overcast, but Josko, the groom, assured us that it wouldn't rain. Unhappily we took his word and scarcely were we half-way when the thundercloud burst, and the rain came down in blinding torrents. The road was very exposed, without shelter of any kind, and by the time we arrived at Ribek, a small village near K——, we were literally drenched to the skin; and Josko bent forward to say consolingly, "I see it's going to be wet after all, Highness." When at length we arrived at K——, shivering and soaking in our thin summer clothes, the news was awaiting us that next day our first transport of wounded was to arrive. We thought of the hospital we had left behind us in S——, where nothing was ready, and where personal bickerings made it seem very possible that nothing ever would be ready.

The Prince, next morning, sent the gamekeeper in to the station at S—— to meet the wounded and take our lot out to K——. The maids all requested him to bring young and dashing cavalrymen—if possible handsome—in any case, no infantrymen. What eventually did arrive out to us was a miserable dejected-looking lot of infantrymen, Hungarians, Slovenes from Carniola, and one Bosniak. Each man carried a rose, which the gamekeeper, in fits of laughter, explained had been presented by one of the

two Red Cross ladies who, along with the Oberstuhlrichter, had met the train. The soldiers did not know what they were supposed to do with the roses, and one Hungarian, afraid of a repetition of the ceremony, informed the Princess that they all preferred cigarettes to flowers.

The men were all badly wounded—so badly that the doctor, when he saw them, sent the Princess away, saying—

"No, Highness; this is not work for any one with weak nerves. Send me the English lady—she is more likely to stand this sort of thing."

The doctor was the leader of the pan-Slav movement in the district, and I am convinced that he put me in charge of the hospital simply because of the opportunity this gave him of talking war to one who shared his views and sympathies.

"I assure you, Fräulein," he said, as he dressed a shrapnel-wound in a man's shoulder, "I assure you, whichever way it goes, it's the end of Austria: if the Central Powers win we become simply a province of Germany: if they lose, it's the disintegration of Austria. A country composed, as Austria is, of so many races, each one more discontented than the other, must not risk going to war. It's all the fault of that puffed-up, vain-glorious peacock in Berlin! It was he sent that ultimatum to Serbia. Na, Serbia is the hardest nut they've ever had to crack. My son, who is in the artillery, fighting against the Serbs, says that even if we could concentrate all our forces against Serbia, we should still find it difficult down there. He says the Serbs are simply capital fellows,

and their officers are the best in Europe. One must really say it serves William right. He's getting it hot everywhere. Of course you know that Paris is safe now?"

I had not known; though I noticed that the newspapers had disappeared lately, and I imagined there must be more in them than the usual tales of the hideous ill-treatment of enemy aliens in England —starvation of the women and childen, the lodging of the interned on damp straw in stables—nothing was too horrible for the Vienna papers, of which the most bitter and lying was unquestionably the *Neue Freie Presse*.

"Na, don't you believe all these stories, my dear," said the doctor; "they're spread simply to produce an outburst of patriotic feeling; it's the only way they can do it here. But to return to our patients: these men have been starved, and need feeding, you must literally stuff them. They'll tell you themselves how they're fed in the army."

The Slovenes from Carniola would tell anything one wanted to know about the army, but it was on the brutality of their officers that they spoke most strongly, though even in those early days the lack of food—owing to the defective transport—seems to have been deplorable, and for days the men existed on what they picked up and ate raw in the fields as they went along. The Hungarians boasted of being alive at all after so many hardships. "But that's Hungarian," they would say proudly. "A Hungarian can go for three days without any food at all and still laugh and sing. It's our spirit that does it. You should see the Russians

run when we charge. Once we've gone four days on potatoes which we ate raw from the fields as we went along, then we went into the trenches and made an attack after being sixteen hours again without food. We made the Russians run too—at least, some of them—not all; oh, no! not all," the Hungarian said, shaking his head.

"They fight well, then?"

"Like devils—absolutely like devils. God! you can't shoot them down; and these fellows"—fiercely pointing to the Slovenes—"won't try. They won't aim! And if we Hungarians once shoot down a Russian twelve spring into his place—like mushrooms out of the ground."

I asked what would happen if the Russians would win.

The Hungarian was indifferent to issues. "It really makes no difference who wins. The Russians aren't bad, and they're awfully good to their prisoners. Lucky chaps who get taken prisoner—war's over for them! If the Russians win we'll be just as well off at home as we were before, so what does it matter? I wonder why we are fighting against Russia? The Serbs killed the Archduke—but Russia? Anyhow, nothing matters if we were only back in our homes again. Still it's no use getting depressed like that Bosniak there. He's like a dead man; and what's the sense of being a dead man when you're still alive?"

The poor Bosniak was really very miserable. He was the only one of his race in the hospital where nobody could speak Bosnian, but fortunately the

Slovenes could speak a Slav dialect which, spoken in the districts of Carniola, near Bosnia, he was able to understand. Mato Csabraja, from Bosnabrod, was not fond of conversation, and with all the characteristic melancholy of the southern Slav, remained by himself, making friends with none. He was as handsome as a young god and carried himself with an easy grace which I have never seen equalled. He loathed dogs, and when on one occasion the pampered John Thomas jumped up on his bed, he sprang up and with a howl of rage threw the dog across the room. Whether this hatred of dogs was an echo of Turkish days in Bosnia I could not find out, for nobody knew much about the country. The Hungarians were indignant at his scant courtesy, and said, "What else can you expect from a Bosniak? Down there they have no manners. It is even said that their women go about still in veils—in veils, bah!"

Nevertheless Mato from Bosnabrod brightened up surprisingly before he left, and soon, when I would have finished dressing the wounds, it was Mato fetched me clean water and disinfectant to wash my hands. It was a puzzle to the doctor and to me why Mato's wound would not heal; all the others healed quickly, but Mato's remained almost as bad as it had been when he arrived. At length, entering the hospital one afternoon at an unexpected hour, I found Mato sitting on the edge of his bed carefully opening his wound with the end of a toothbrush! He liked being in K——, and as long as his wound wasn't healed he knew he couldn't be sent away.

The Slovenes were very bright—much more

intelligent than the Hungarians, though less buoyant and more discontented. They also were disappointed that their wounds healed so quickly, which meant their speedy return to Galicia.

"It's bad enough to have to fight at all," they said, "but to have to fight against one's own race is a terrible thing. If only our officers would be decent; but they shoot us from behind if they think we're slack with the Russians. There are awful things happening in Galicia, and it's not good to be a Slav in Austria."

One Slovene told us very proudly that his brother, who had been in America, had taught him some English, and on our inquiring what it was, he reeled off—

"Son of a bitch, daughter of hell, damnation, glory Hallelujah!" On seeing our blank faces, he asked, "Isn't it English? My brother said it was real English." We assured him that his brother was a master of English, but cautioned him that in future it would be wise if his brother explained the meaning of what he taught him.

The doctor became daily more eloquent on the Austrian disasters in Serbia, saying that the losses were appalling, and that his son had written to tell how the few who escaped were glad—as on a subsequent occasion—to get across the Danube back into Austria with their lives, leaving all their guns and munitions for the Serbs. Letters at this time to Schloss K—— from the Galician front were very spiritless, and described a hopeless struggle against fearful odds. They had no munitions, they wrote, while the Russians

lacked for nothing. The Austrians who had gone towards Lublin suffered terribly from want of food, and disease spread very rapidly among the troops. In Galicia, where dysentery is endemic, the losses from disease were ghastly. The Babe became very frightened, and hastily made his will, leaving to Claire and Billy his favourite saddle-horse which, during the war, was being kept for him at K——. This announcement touched Claire deeply; but Billy, sniffing, said, "Young idiot! Just like his pose!" and wrote a letter of thanks, in which she said she regretted that he had got so depressed—it wasn't wise for a soldier to do that, but he must remember that "dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," and the horse would always be well cared for. To Billy he did not reply. Little Poli's letters were always amusing and full of pluck—written mostly in English, to prove, he said, to Jerry that though he was now a terrible Austrian soldier striking fear into the Cossack, he bore her no ill-will for the sins of her country. Alas! yes, he had now become a terrible soldier, and Poli, the man of peace, was a person of bygone days; nevertheless there was only as much of him as the military had any right to control in Poland; his real self was sitting on the lawn at K—— among the fountains and roses and heliotrope beds, and all that the Man of Art could devise for one's artistic well-being. And John Thomas, too! What would he not give for a shake of John Thomas's perfidious Italian paw! But up there in the wilds even dreams were spoiled by small incidents—and couldn't "small incidents" just bite and sting in Poland!

From Budapest letters continued to become more dismal as time went on—prices were rising so rapidly that soon it would be impossible to live in the towns at all. The blame of this was laid at the doors of the Hungarian landowners—the Prince included,—who had stored away their grain till prices should rise still higher. Budapest, after the big battles in Galicia and Poland, was like one huge hospital—every public building was used only to house the wounded who, it was hinted, were very badly cared for. The Eastern front was so long and the fighting so continuous that it was impossible to make adequate provision for the masses of wounded soldiers who came back. Social life was dead in Budapest, where ladies spent all their days in nursing or in relieving the distress which then was appalling; in short, the Countess wrote, life was so blank and hopeless that she would never feel happy again. The Princess was so impressed by these disturbing letters from Budapest that she decided to have a collection in K—— to help the Red Cross. "These wretched peasants always get and never give," she said, "now they will give."

The priest, to whom she announced her project, looked doubtful, and was emphatic that the Princess must not go among the peasants to take her collection in person as she had intended.

"They will not give, Highness," he said, "and you may only expose yourself to rudeness if they fail to understand, as they most likely would, that their own men would benefit from such a collection. There is only one way to make them all give, and that is to have the collection in church."

The priest was right. The collection was taken in church at the altar, and there was not a man, woman or child who did not give. About a thousand kronen were gathered; this was due not to any sympathy with the object, but to the esteem and affection of all in the district for the priest—himself a pan-Slav and suspect. After Mass, on the day of the collection, I wanted to photograph some of the Lopasó peasants, whose costumes are the most beautiful of the many types in Hungary. They are all very shy of the camera, and it required the Prince's persuasions to induce them to come into the Schloss gardens. When I asked the Prince to explain to them in Slovak where I wanted them to stand, one of the most richly dressed suddenly addressed me in excellent English, "Just right up here you want us to stand?" She had been in America, had saved a lot of money, and coming back to Hungary, settled in Lopasó, where she bought some ground. She didn't like living in Hungary any more, she explained; life was too tiresome, and the work too hard and dull, but she had just to bear it "the best she could." The Princess had some wine sent out to the women, the majority of whom simply tasted it, leaving their glasses full; but the one who had been in America explained to them that they mustn't do this, "It's not manners among the great folks; they think you don't like it if you leave it. You must drink it all."

The soldiers loved being photographed and would spend hours beautifying themselves for the event. The choosing of a photograph to take home to their friends was a matter of serious consideration by them;

but finally, after much talk and scratching of heads, each man chose the group on which he looked best.

When they left, they were all very overwhelming in their gratitude, even Mato managing to stammer out a few words in a language that nobody understood except himself; and one enterprising Hungarian, who was in private life a policeman, wrote an address of thanks to everybody—to the kind Lord and Lady who had entertained them, to the young ladies who had given them cigarettes and newspapers, to the foreign lady who had nursed them, to the cook who had provided their excellent meals, etc., and might there always be luck on Schloss K—— and the young princesses soon find husbands!

OCTOBER

The autumn wind and rainstorms began earlier and were more violent than usual, and life among the White Carpathians became dreary and monotonous. Even my friend John Thomas was affected by the general depression, and became less keen on accompanying me on my tramps across the hills through the rain and wind. Going out had come to mean a bath when he returned, and to be washed by Marischa, who had no patience and let the soap get into his eyes, was a poor finish up to an outing, so he soon refused all invitations to walks through the two feet deep mud of K——. The Princess developed a very bad throat with a high fever, and a bad temper, so bad that on one occasion nothing relieved her but throwing a soup-plate at the butler, who looked surprised and uncomfortable, while the Princess looked also surprised but said she felt better for having done what she shouldn't.

In the midst of our gloom a telegram arrived from the Babe, saying he was back from the Front and wanted to come to K——. Billy had maliciously pictured the Babe's triumphant return to K——, with a long train of Cossack prisoners led in by him; but it was a very poor sick Babe who came, accompanied by his father, mother, the Admiral and

the dog. It would be difficult to find elsewhere a party such as then arrived, where each one was so perfectly and so differently a "character"—their dog "Bubi," even as a mongrel, was a thing apart. The Babe who when he got ill had been at Lublin, had now a lot to tell us of the Russians—and much in their praise: they were good soldiers, honourable fighters, and treated their prisoners with every possible consideration and kindness; they were splendidly equipped and fed—which latter fact accounted for the enormous masses of starved Austrians who surrendered to them so easily; they were wonderful shots, particularly the Don Cossacks who were so difficult to pursue, for they ride small swift horses, and can fire quite accurately as they gallop away scarcely turning in the saddle to aim; the one thing the Russian could not withstand was the bayonet charge of the Hungarians; then he surrendered almost without resisting, though otherwise his endurance was remarkable.

The Admiral, still looking for his big naval battle, argued all day with the General, who was more explosive than ever, and not too hopeful.

"If England, pooh, had only minded her own business, we were in Paris long ago, and in Warsaw too, and the whole thing would be over now. And Italy too!—a vagabond! a vagabond! Roumania, though, would be more use to us than Italy: if she would only come in on our side, she could send plenty well-trained and equipped men against Serbia. She has the one army in the Balkans that's not worn out. They must—pooh, but it was no use talking—pooh, that Government couldn't see beyond its nose.

Let Roumania get anything she wanted to come in with them; but Berchtold was an idiot . . . pooh . . . pooh . . . !"

These outbursts, the Admiral told us, continued throughout the greater part of the night also. The Admiral, being somewhat pampered and no longer very young, required a good night's rest, but the General, who had roughed it for years in Bosnia and in Galicia, insisted on invading the Admiral's room each night about midnight, clad frankly and unblushingly in his nightshirt and armed with the brandy bottle, ruthlessly awoke the Admiral from his first sleep and expected him to drink brandy and talk politics for the rest of the night. This was all very well for a chirpy old general of infantry who could weather anything, but it was more than an Admiral of the Austrian Navy, accustomed in peace and in war to have as much rest as he needed, could be expected to stand. Besides, it was positively brutal to have his faith in his country shattered like that—if the General couldn't trust Conrad or Berchtold, there was Willy who would save them; and the poor Admiral, dreading a complete nervous breakdown, fled to Vienna, where at least one didn't get the last days of Austria forced down one's throat at dead of night.

When the Admiral had gone the General became less violent in his lamentations and confined his attention more to speculating on the future of the British colonies, for we had heard, first from Uncle Pista, then by a telephone message from Pressburg, and finally from the newspapers, of terrible upheavals and

revolutions in India of such dimensions that Great Britain, unable to cope with them, had called in the aid of Japan, who promised to take charge in India on the understanding that she was to get in return a very large payment in money, a free hand in China, and that she would be allowed to deal with India in her own way. All believed this firmly, and the Babe grew pleased and excited. "What a splendid thing for us. There's India lost to England; for the Japanese will never go out."

Turkey next occupied the attentions of the General, who found comfort in the large quantity of guns and munitions which had been going from Germany to Turkey since the outbreak of the war. The East, the General predicted, would become very lively when Turkey would declare war. Japan would have more than she could meet in India when the Mussulmans there—in Egypt—everywhere would rise against Great Britain, who, with her hands so full elsewhere, would be obliged to withdraw her troops from the Western front; the Germans would get to Paris and Calais, the Turks into Egypt and India, and there was the end of the war. Russia undoubtedly was doing well at present, but everybody knew that she had no munitions to fall back on—her present successes were only a spurt to relieve the pressure in France and Flanders. The possibilities in sight almost restored the General's faith in his country.

Then news came which terrified all Hungarians—the Russians had got through the Jablonitsa Pass and were in Körös-Mezö, a little town on the lower slopes of the Carpathians, almost on the Hungarian plain.

It was a beautiful little place as I saw it long ago when, one September afternoon, we had come from Galicia through the pass to pic-nic in Hungary. It was a fête day, and the peasants in their finest costumes had danced Csárdás under the pines and beeches on the slopes above the town, where the little white houses were smiling among their gardens of scarlet ramblers, sunflowers, and hollyhocks. But the Russians, it was said, were good fellows, and would perhaps leave the cottages to smile again among the flowers, though their owners had passed on over the Hungarian plains to find refuge further west, for the approach of the Cossack, despite all the stories of his good nature, still brought fear with it. He neither burned nor plundered, and his stay in Körös-Mezö was short, for an Austrian Army unexpectedly coming up, annihilated the rest of the army in the pass.

"Oh, but they're not all out of Hungary," the Man of Art consoled me. "Fräulein will still see her Allies here: they've held Novo Sandec for a long time and they're preparing to come in that way. A patrol of Cossacks is all that we'd get here, but get them we undoubtedly will, when they come to Pressburg."

The Körös-Mezö incident nevertheless caused much alarm among the Hungarians on the plains, and Vienna, already crowded with Galician refugees, was now overflowing with Hungarians.

The innkeeper had his day of trouble about this time, for discoursing too openly about England's greatness. He had been in South Africa throughout the Boer war, and was regarded as an authority on his subject by the admiring crowds of peasants

who gathered in the inn on Sunday afternoons. "England lose?" he would say. "The man who says that doesn't know what England is. I have been in South Africa, and I know what the strength of England is — it is an impossibility — England simply cannot lose"; and for hours he would harangue them on the boundless might of England, till at length the inn was watched and a visit of the Oberstuhlrichter's gendarmes one Sunday afternoon caused a modification in the innkeeper's subsequent utterances.

Our hospital stood ready for a second lot of soldiers, but word came that as disease was spreading so rapidly throughout the country, no more private nursing could be allowed in the meantime; and the Prince, not knowing that it was I who had taken the message from the Oberstuhlrichter at the telephone, informed me at dinner that I could have no more beautiful Bosnian friends, as there were so few casualties now in the Austrian army there weren't sufficient wounded to send round to private hospitals!

Before the Babe and his family returned to Vienna the Princess invited, as she did once a year, Uncle Pista, Aunt Sharolta, and their daughter, with the Oberstuhlrichter and his wife, to dine at Schloss K——. Their annual dinner at the Schloss was an exciting event in the quiet lives of these simple people, and they looked forward to it like children in pleased anticipation. On this occasion I heard the wheels of their carriages as they arrived, long before I had finished dressing, and in a few moments Claire, looking, if possible, lovelier than ever in a last year's

Callot dress, burst into my room almost hysterical with laughter, saying, as she threw herself into a chair—

"You lucky wretch! To think that you may always dress like that, while we——" and she shrieked with laughter. At length, in reply to my questions, she managed to gasp out, "Oh, can't you understand? Here we are, every one of us, in Paris gowns, and they've come in brand new garments from Berlin . . . Berlin, Jerry! You've never dreamed of anything so funny in your life. Do be quick and come down, for Billy and the Babe are disgracing us all, and father and mother won't really stand the strain of it much longer. Does one's patriotism oblige one to praise such clothes?"

"Mine does," I chuckled; "if people order clothes from Berlin they deserve to wear them, and I'll do all I can to make them wear them; it's the only chance I've had so far of 'doing my bit' for my country."

By the time I appeared in the drawing-room Billy had completely collapsed over the end of a sofa, with her back to the company; but she raised her head as I passed to say in English, which none of the guests understood—

"Behold us in the garb of patriotism!" The garb of patriotism emphatically merited Claire's laughter—not only was the texture gross and the colouring hideous, but the heraldic twists of the outline were appalling in their clumsiness. Even the General was behaving badly and kept saying, "Donnerwetter!" and "Jesus Maria" very audibly, as the glories of the Berlin creations dazzled him anew. The ladies took

almost tragic pride in their abominable garments, and I had no difficulty in persuading them that there would no longer be any need for Germans and Austrians to patronise London, Paris, or even Vienna, when Berlin fashions were so beautiful and so becoming. The Prince, who saw that the younger people were likely to become uproarious, cut short my praises and took me, amid many little explosions and gurgles, to the other end of the room where, under pretence of showing me a bit of old Halics pottery he had bought, he kept me till dinner was announced, and all had regained some measure of composure. It was a wonderful evening throughout, and poor old Uncle Pista was almost pathetic when he informed us, as he said good night, that he had never seen us so bright or so happy, and he was glad that we could keep up our spirits in spite of the war. So Berlin clothes have their uses!

A few days later an invitation came from some American friends, who had a small Schloss near Pressburg, for us all to go over for a pheasant drive—Claire, Billy and I to arrive as long before and stay as long after the drive as possible, for they were all bored to death at St. G——, and would we not take pity on them?

We set out for St. G——, going part of the way in a small local train, and driving the rest. Though we had been warned not to expect too eloquent an equipage to meet us, we were scarcely prepared to find waiting us at the station, what was frankly a peasant waggon driven by an elderly gentleman of doubtful cleanliness. Our way to the Schloss was along a wide straight highway which never seemed to end, and when at length we turned into the mountains, and saw Burg St. G——

away at the end of the valley gleaming white on the hillside in the sunlight, we were almost too stiff and cramped with cold to realise how beautiful this southern side of the mountains was. The Schloss had in old days been a convent built round three sides of a square courtyard, the top storey being a recent addition, and some of the downstairs rooms—the old cells—still did not open on to a corridor, but directly on to the arcades of the courtyard.

Our friends were loud in their apologies for the "carriage" which had fetched us from the station, and explained that in the early days of the war they had been in Italy, returning to St. G—— to find all their horses, carriages, and motors "commandeered" during their absence. Mrs. J—— was indignant at what she described as an encroachment on her international rights; but she was unable to speak German or Hungarian well enough to protest, and Mr. J—— was too pro-German to want to interfere. They had been fairly well compensated in money, which did not atone for the inconvenience they suffered in living miles away from every place and being left nothing to get about with.

Mrs. J——'s young cousin, Grace B——, was also staying in Schloss St. G——; she had intended to return to America in August to be married, but was at present afraid to risk the journey, and so remained at St. G—— restless and homesick.

After lunch, when Billy proposed a visit to the golden pheasants, Mrs. J—— pulled me back into my chair saying, "No, Jerry, you stop here;" and when all the others had gone said—

"Now I want you to begin right at the very beginning of everything, and tell me all that has happened in this war up till now, for I know nothing at all. I can't get my newspapers from America, for no foreign papers are allowed into this cussed land: I can't read German at all, and though my husband can, he's so pro-German that he just tells me exactly what he likes. Since the outbreak of the war I haven't read one newspaper."

The news of events given me by the Man of Art and the doctor consoled her wonderfully, and she said she felt happier than she had done since the war began, "for," she whispered as the others returned, "I just couldn't sleep at night for thinking that next day those German swine might be in Paris."

Early next morning we set out for a day's partridge-shooting. Burg St. G—— is quite far in among the mountains and there is plenty of game on Mr. J——'s shooting—pheasant, partridge, deer, wild boar, etc. The Carpathians were exceptionally beautiful then, for the heavy rains had passed, and as we ascended across the mountain fields which stretched in every direction, soft and hazy in the frosty October sunlight, with almost every step there burst upon us an unexpected and beautiful glimpse of the world of blue hills around us. We had excellent sport, and ravenously ate our lunch under a beech tree, where some old peasants were ploughing their fields in preparation for next spring; both shooters and lunch being objects of deep interest to peasants and oxen alike. As we turned homewards down the mountains in the afternoon, after the eight guns had accounted for two hundred and

seventy partridges, Claire, who had been feeling tired all day, suddenly developed signs of a temperature and was put to bed immediately on arrival at the Schloss. On the day of the pheasant drive she felt well enough again to accompany us, despite all our efforts to persuade her to stay at the Schloss, for the shoot was a very long way from Burg St. G—— and we had to drive to it in peasant carts.

The Prince and Princess, acting on our advice, drove all the way direct to the woods from K—— which they left at five a.m. They arrived very late, after we had already taken up our places for the second beat, at the edge of the wood, Mrs. J—— and I talking together in no kindly way of the Germans, as we waited, and it was as Mrs. J—— was saying loudly with great vigour, "They'll never on this earth get to Paris, and they're nothing but brutes and hogs, these Germans; yes, I mean it, brutes—and . . . hogs!" that I suddenly heard at my elbow—

"Hayve you seen my man or my gons?" and the Prince, having arrived, stood before us in the clearing. We had seen neither his man nor his guns—had we done so Mrs. J—— would have been much more guarded in her epithets. She had not wished to vex or hurt her guest and was rather troubled; but I made no attempt to hide my delight, for he had sometimes been bitter against England lately, and "do him good" was all the sympathy I could find it in my heart to give Mrs. J——.

Her bag was the most varied at the end of the day, and consisted of two rabbits, a hare, a wild cat, two quails, and thirty-seven pheasants. That

long day which I spent in the woods, looking through the clearings, away to the mountains, misty and changing in the autumn sun, with one who was in every way a friend—for in that district of Slav and Hungarian mankind was classified more sharply than elsewhere into friend and foe—is one of my happiest recollections of Hungary; and after it came the long jolting drive home in peasant waggons over rough paths among cultivated fields, round corners where a statue of the Virgin gleamed white in the moonlight, then out on to the long white highway where, as the cold wind came biting down the valley, we watched the moon making long shadows among the peaks and gullies of the mountains, and nestled warm and cosy among our furs on the heaps of straw, talking of everything that was far from war.

In the evening Mr. J—— played Schumann and Chopin to us, and we were all very pleasantly tired and happy till Claire became really ill, and early next morning we started back at once with her to K——, Grace coming with us for a few days. The doctor was soon able to state that Claire was suffering from typhus, which the Princess quite simply refused to believe; and when the doctor urged precautions on the ground of infection, she said, "But it's not typhus, and there's an end of it." Nor was she convinced when the Budapest professor—a relative of her own—arrived, for the pan-Slav, becoming exasperated, had demanded a second advice. The professor confirmed the diagnosis of the country doctor. But the Princess shook her head saying, "You're wrong Heinrich; it's not typhus." Nevertheless the necessary precautions were taken, and

before he left the house the Professor had seen them carried out.

He told us a lot about the lack of management and organisation of the Budapest hospitals, at the head of which—as in Vienna—were usually the Archduchesses. The places of the trained nurses, who had been sent to the Front, were taken in the hospitals by Society ladies, many of whom had only had a fortnight's training, and were an unending source of worry to the doctors. The soldier, as a rule, got scanty attention, and the Professor quite frankly confessed that the carelessness of the nursing caused the Austrians to lose almost as many men in the hospitals as they did in the field. Food was very bad too, and the ladies had profound contempt for the doctor's instructions regarding diet. These ladies doing for the most part voluntary work, simply walked out of the hospitals if anything occurred to annoy them, leaving their places unfilled—all this resulting in chaos and confusion which the Professor found no words to describe. Something, he said, might be done to reform things, if the Archduchesses would only stay at home; but their presence complicated things so much that the doctors remained quite helpless.

Billy and Grace were at once sent away. The Princess and I nursed Claire, who, during her long dreary illness, gave us many anxious nights and days; but as soon as the crisis was past she recovered very quickly, and developing all the irritability of the fever patient, became very difficult to nurse.

The Princess and I, once all danger to Claire was past, began to feel the reaction, and were doubtless as

cross and difficult as our patient. The days dragged in the Schloss, and not even Billy's return or the three "Overseas Mails," a *Figaro* and a *Corriere della Sera*, which a Roumanian friend passing through to Vienna had posted, wrapped in outside sheets of the *Presse* and *Pesti Hirlap*, to me from Budapest, cheered me up as they ought to have done. We told ourselves from morning till night that it was good to be alive, that this war couldn't last for ever, that Claire was recovering very quickly, that there were no mountains with the satisfying beauty of the White Carpathians, and no weather like these frosts; but it was useless, our spirits sank lower and lower. The Prince and Billy spent their days shooting, returning in the evening happily too tired to quarrel.

Amid this general gloom, prices of everything rose still higher, and the shortage of flour in Austria began to be really serious, for the Hungarian landowners still keeping back the grain, friction had arisen between the Hungarian and the Austrian Governments. The pinch was felt not only throughout Austria, but even in the towns of Hungary white bread of any kind had already disappeared. The Prince being one of the worst of the offending landowners, no scarcity of any kind was felt in Schloss K——, for his harvest had been good, and was all gathered in early by women and gipsies; and the mill was near to grind when flour was needed.

The Hungarians became restless and uneasy as the Russians continued to threaten the plains; the peasants at K—— said little, but they smiled in a very superior way and shook their heads. Even the

Prince began to realise how possible a visit from the Russians was becoming, and decided exactly where his almost priceless collection of old Nüremberg and Russian silver was to be buried, and chose the Russian ikon to be placed above it—which would render it immune. The majority of Hungarians talked of Pressburg, the last important town on the plains having a Slav origin, as the goal of the Russians, and night and day the fortifying of the town proceeded till Pressburg was believed to be impregnable. The General had laughed at these preparations saying, "All fortresses have one unpleasant peculiarity—sooner or later they fall." The atmosphere became very charged, and even the Man of Art was less cheerful than usual He had received from a gardening firm in Erfurt a spring catalogue which, in its insolent bombast, put him in a rage that was almost classic. Among the specially recommended flowers were—

Narcissus, white: William the Victorious.

Hyacinths, deep purple, giant blooms: Von Hindenburg the Liberator of East Prussia.

Roman Hyacinths: Prince Joachim the Brave.

Tuberose: Crown Prince's Glory.

Daffodils: von Tirpitz the scourge of England.

"And I tell you, Fräulein, my garden will look like old Remeceks' rubbish-heap, before I order anything from this piece of disgusting German boasting."

Old Remeceks' rubbish heap was not a thing of beauty, for Hungarian peasants seem to take great pride in their middens, which can't be too large or

occupy too prominent a place in the yard, and the one to which the gardener alluded was the biggest in K——. Old Remeceks himself was the handsomest old rascal in K——, was headman of the village, and the richest of the peasants, among whom his word was law, his authority being second only to that of the priest and of the schoolmaster. He led the singing in church, except during Mass, when the schoolmaster—who unfortunately was by way of being a composer—played on the organ his own "Tantums" and "Glorias," weird modern things suggesting the Reingold and Gustav Maler, which the peasants bore with stolid patience—looking on the schoolmaster as a harmless lunatic who insisted on making those queer noises with the organ when old Mr. Remeceks could sing so beautifully. In this they were right; for, in the church of K——, which dates from the fifteenth century, and in which, thanks to the good taste and judgment of its patron, the Prince, there is nothing garish or tawdry, but every thing is simple and dignified, with hangings of mellow sixteenth century brocades, the singing is always good and true when Remeceks leads it. The peasants sing well, and some of the simple Slav hymns to the Virgin are full of melody and religious feeling, while Remeceks looks, when he sings, as if the wonders of heaven had been opened to him. The old gentleman is gallant too, as I once discovered when, thinking that the mud was frozen over, I went out for a walk in shoes of ordinary thickness. I did not then know what K—— mud could be, and before I went very far I had left one of my shoes sticking in its depths, while I was planted on

CORPUS CHRISTI. K——, 1914.

ST. FLORIAN, CORPUS CHRISTI.

one foot at what seemed a hopeless distance from the shoe when I tried to hop back through the mud. I waved to an old peasant working in a field, to come to me; but he, thinking that I was giving him a particularly friendly greeting, waved in reply and continued his work. Mr. Remeceks had seen from his house what had happened and rushed to my rescue. He looked pityingly at the shoe as he put it on me, and said, shaking his head, "Good for Paris perhaps—not for K——."

At the end of the month the Babe returned to K—— to fetch, amid Billy's scathing contempt, the horse which in his will he had bequeathed to her and to Claire. He was still far from well, but the General had set his heart on a Verdienstkreutz for the boy, who must return quickly to Poland to win it; and so by what the poor Frau General called some "hocus pocus," he was passed "fit" by the army doctor, and set off from Schloss K——.

He was so anxious to rejoin his regiment that he would not wait till a transport was going up to Poland, but departed into the wilds on horseback, with his servant—a most comical Jew whose family had been in Lemberg at the outbreak of war, and now, he explained with easy tears, he really didn't know where his wife was. From further confidences it transpired that his wife was a scold, and that he rather feared the long arm of the various societies, presided over by kind-hearted interfering ladies, for the putting in touch of Galician soldiers with their refugee families. The two wanderers got lost eventually, and roamed for days looking for the 7th Ulans among the hills and dales of

Poland, and it was a source of wicked regret to his friends that the over-zealous young soldier didn't meet the Cossacks on the way and get taken to Russia to spend the rest of the war. It was, nevertheless, a matter of rather open rejoicing among the Austrians when those dear to them were taken prisoner by the Russians, who were reported to be quite extraordinarily good to their prisoners, and one Hussar writing home from his "prison" in Siberia, where he was lodged somewhere near the Sea of Okhotsk, related that he was having the time of his life, as the village he was in was usually very dull, but the advent of the Austrian prisoners had brought some sparkle into its social life, and he was invited out so often for bridge, that he would like a new Atilla to be sent him at once from Vienna, as his clothes were now very shabby.

With the Serbs it was different—and the Austrian soldier dreaded nothing so much as being taken prisoner in Serbia, where the most fiendish cruelties were said to be inflicted on the prisoners.

Turkey's long-looked-for declaration of war came amid much rejoicing, in those days. The Prince was jubilant.

"At last the gate to the East is opened, and the British Empire will dwindle away."

"An awful nuisance," I remarked to John Thomas who had jumped on to my knee.

"You see—you see at last you're frightened and acknowledge that you're hit somewhere," and the Prince was very happy; but I was very surprised.

"Us—hit? Oh dear, no! I had just been thinking what an awful nuisance it will be for Uncle Pista now to have to learn where Turkey is."

The Prince sniffed and said there were other people likely to learn to their cost where Turkey is.

NOVEMBER

Early in November came the welcome news that we were again going to get wounded soldiers, and with the first snows the second transport arrived. The gamekeeper who went in to S—— to fetch them, had received from the Prince very definite instructions to bring this time a German-speaking lot who were not to be of mixed nationalities. As we waited their arrival, the telephone bell rang and a message came from the Oberstuhlrichter to say that our lot were on the way, and he hoped we didn't mind having the Trentino men, for nobody in S—— could talk Italian to them, and he thought that the English lady in K—— was sure to talk Italian!

What visions the word "Italian" fired in our minds! We saw the merry Tirolese playing his pipe, the Italian, with his guitar, dancing all day and singing "Santa Lucia" and "Addio Napoli" all night; now our days would no longer be dull, and at night there would be, below our windows, serenades by gallant and intrepid soldiers who would dare all rules to sing our praises. At length the gamekeeper arrived with his "German-speaking lot of one nationality," who turned out to be Hungarians speaking only Hungarian, Slovenes from Carniola speaking only Slovene, a Pole from Przemysl speaking only

Polish, a Ruthene speaking Ruthenish, and the Italians from the Trentino. The Princess literally sat down and wept, while the Prince thanked the gamekeeper for not having also brought representatives of the seven other nationalities there were still in Austria. Claire, who though able to be up, was still confined to her room, regarded from her window the arrival of this miserable ragged crowd, and observed mournfully, that there wasn't one serenade among that lot anyhow! I was immediately called upon to go across to the hospital and talk, as nobody could understand the Italians, and particulars of names, ages, etc., had at once to be taken and sent in to the Oberstuhlrichter. On my inquiring with my best Tuscan accent, "Which are the Italians?" quite the most sulky-looking vagabonds of the lot stepped forward, all addressing me at the same time with a rush of words that left me dizzy, and in a dialect of which I barely understood one word. This was a very crushing blow to one who had boasted of journeys in Italy, and who had publicly in the gardens at K—— in the summer, spent hours over Italian grammar, and D'Annunzio and dictionaries, and I began to fear that I should have to return crestfallen to the Schloss to confess that Italian, when spoken fluently by natives, was nothing but an incomprehensible jargon to me. But after all I felt that as a British subject I couldn't expose myself to the ridicule of the enemy like that, so choosing the brightest looking, and certainly the dirtiest, I explained to him that, as I had only begun to learn Italian, they must speak quite slowly to me, and only one at a time.

But this, so far from having the desired effect, simply produced another cascade of Italian of greater volume and rapidity than the first, and just as I was feeling very helpless and overwhelmed the Prince arrived for the information I was to get, and, seeing the blank sheets in my hand, remarked that I didn't seem to have made much progress. I assured him that the progress was very marked, only the men were so overcome with delight at finding some one who could talk their language that they had been indulging in a little pleasant conversation, and if the Prince would just go over to the Slavs and help the butler, who had evidently got tied up in some knot, I would now attend to actual business. Eventually I succeeded in getting the necessary particulars from the Italians, who brightened up so much as they talked that I began to wonder if perhaps Claire had not been mistaken, and that the guitars were collapsible and in their pockets; but a few judicious questions revealed the fact that the only musical instrument that conveyed anything at all to their minds was—the concertina! It would take a lot of brightening up to remove the effect of that, and the "merry Tirolese" of our fancy, I felt, had disappeared for ever. It has never been my lot to see a more wretched-looking crowd than these soldiers were on arrival: their clothes were in rags beyond all repair, and one man having lost his hose-tops, his drawers, below the loose knickerbockers which the Tirolerlandesschütz wear, quite frankly met what remained of his boots. I have, however, always cherished a secret suspicion that Giovanni—such was his name—had sold the hose tops, for, despite all explanations that he

worked in Rovereto in a tobacco factory, carrying, as he said, the tobacco to the ladies who made the cigarettes, we were all agreed that Giovanni was in private life a brigand. And just as I was gloating over an improvident Austrian Government that could neither clothe nor feed its army, and thinking how spic and span our British Tommies must look, and how I longed to see them, the Prince's voice called me—

"Jerry, you have been in Galicia: nobody can talk to this Pole, come and talk to him."

It was useless to deny that I had been in Galicia. I had spoken too much about it in these days of war for that; but alas for my Polish—any little that I had learned had long been forgotten, and the only two phrases that I could at the moment recollect were—what I had constantly to say in that land of professional beggars, "Go to the kitchen," and the other, "The house is high"; neither of which were much help in present straits, so, hurriedly suggesting that Claire would certainly have forgotten to take her medicine, I fled, leaving the Prince to wrestle with his Pole, consigning, as he did so, the gamekeeper to all manner of devils. The Carniola Slovenes were all Socialists this time—surly, contemptuous fellows, who would not stand up when we entered, nor open the door for us; so Billy said they weren't nice, and confined her attentions to the Italians and the Hungarians. The doctor's visits were as much political as professional, for none of the soldiers were very ill, all suffering from frost-bite already getting better, except two —one of whom had a very bad shrapnel wound on his

back, and the other had a bullet wound in his leg, while his back, rubbed by his haversack, was threatened with abscesses. There never, I think, has been a nest of treason like that little hospital, where the doctor talked sedition with the Slovenes, and I with the Italians.

My Italians had extraordinary vitality, and, though suffering from exhaustion brought on by starvation, and from great pain in their feet, they were very soon able to be out of bed and to crawl about.

The bright-looking boy, Giuseppe, whom I had chosen to be spokesman on their arrival, seemed to think that he was to continue in this capacity, for if Giovanni, the brigand, or Paride, or the saintly-looking Antonio who very possibly was the biggest villain of them all, would talk, Giuseppe interposed with a wave of his hand—

"Allow me; the Signorina understands better when I talk"; and it was only when I suggested that it would be better for my Italian if they would talk more that Giuseppe allowed them to talk at all. He was a handsome lad, like the Neapolitan fisher-boy whom one imagines but rarely sees, and came from Ala where he was "in civile" a muleteer driving the mails up to some Alpine village. He was one of a family of ten, and if only his brothers, who were fighting in Galicia, could get back also, they would all cross the frontier and go to Verona, for Ala is the frontier town, and they knew many ways of getting home—to the Kätzelmacher, as the Italians in Austria are called, Italy is "home."

Antonio was a peasant from Calceranica, and spent

his days lamenting that he could only speak in dialect and not "con grammatica," like "le signorine," and, so convinced was he that my Italian was the real thing, that he gave me all his correspondence to correct before sending it off. In his first letter home, he explained that "gli Taliani" were the guests of a benevolent Prince in a big country house, where they were too well treated, really like "grandi signori," and got butcher-meat twice a day; nor had they any difficulty in making themselves understood, for there was a signorina there who not only spoke Italian "molto bene" (*sic*), but even liked to talk it with them!

Giovanni, from Rovereto, was unquestionably a brigand—there was about him everything that suggested this doubtful calling, and he was thoroughly disapproved of by the other Italians, who left him to spend his time with the Slovenes. This the Prince pointed out as a proof of his unique honesty, but circumstances transpired later to change the Prince's opinion.

The Italians, who had learned to speak a little Ruthenish in Galicia, were all very friendly to the Slovenes, but they disliked the Hungarians, who returned the ill-feeling and sang their beautiful Hungarian melodies all day, which they knew annoyed the Italians, who kept the door between their rooms tightly shut. On one occasion a Hungarian passed through as Giuseppe was giving us an excited and vivid description of the now desolate Galicia, where all was dreary as a desert—not a flower to be seen anywhere.

"What's that one saying?" inquired the Hungarian,

with contempt in his eye; replying when the Italian's words were translated to him—

"Well, what does he suppose he went to Galicia for? To pick flowers, perhaps?"

Later the same man, when talking of the war, said—

"We've smashed the Serbs, we've smashed the Russians, and now we're going to smash the Germans," for to the Hungarian mind any circumstances in which the German is not his natural enemy are inconceivable.

The Italians and the Slovenes were almost eloquent on the shortage of food in the Austrian army. In the early days of the war they could at least eat from the fields as they went along, but now everything was in, and the Italians said that they had frequently gone six days without food; but the Hungarians said gruffly they were liars, they had never gone more than four. All soldiers were forbidden to eat the sugar-beet, which causes dysentery, and on one occasion a whole regiment of Tirolerlandesschütz were punished in the following way for doing so: each man's elbows were tied together at his back by a rope which was then attached to a tree, at such a height that the man's toes barely touched the ground, and in this position they remained from four to five hours. Billy inquired where sufficient trees for the whole regiment had been found, and Antonio answered gravely: "In Galicia the forests are large, Signorina Principessa."

The Italians, a pleasing contrast to the growling Carniola socialists, were almost overwhelming in their gratitude to us. On one occasion Giuseppe, with a

ITALIANS AND SLAVS AT K——.

SLAVS AND HUNGARIANS AT K——.

beautiful bow, presented Billy and me with a plateful of dirty-looking sticky brown grapes, saying they had just arrived from the Trentino and were very good, and would we do him the honour to accept them. We felt that to refuse this pathetic little offering would give offence, and we remained much touched by the gratitude and unselfishness of the boy to whom these dirty grapes certainly represented a delicacy, till we discovered that they had not been his to give away at all, but had been sent to the brigand Giovanni by an aunt in Rovereto! The discovery of his fraud did not daunt the gallant Giuseppe, who, learning that I possessed edelweiss from the Carpathians but none from the Alps, wrote to his sister in Ala to send some Stelle Alpine at once; and by return a box arrived which, with more bows, was presented to Billy and me with a request to give some also to the Signorina Principessa, who was sick. Claire had spent the latter part of her convalescence in learning Italian phrases to say to the soldiers, but when at length she was able to leave her room and go to the hospital she forgot, at the critical moment, every phrase she had so carefully prepared. The soldiers were so surprised and charmed by her beauty that her lack of conversation did not disappoint them at all, and they spoke so much, after she left, of the other Signorina Principessa who was "bellissima" that Billy and I began to feel offended, and I wondered if I should massage their frozen feet any more. They worried much that they had not been to Mass since the war began, but the doctor was very emphatic.

"If you go to church in this weather you'll get

your feet frozen again, and then you'll need to get both cut off! If that's what you want, to be unfit for fighting for the rest of your lives—then go by all means."

The Princess immediately suggested sending for the priest to come to see them. But Billy, fearing the effects on their spirits of a visit which in these parts meant as a rule extreme unction, dissuaded the Princess, saying that one could only risk that in spring time, when the sun was shining, the birds singing, and everything bright and gay.

The inspiration of the spring time was not necessary to fire the poetic soul of Giuseppe to a burst of song, and amid the frosts and snows of K—— he spent his days making verse. To our great merriment he presented me with the following poem, duly written out and signed by himself:—

LA PARTENZA PER LA RUSSIA DI UN ALPINO.

I

Parto per la Russia.
Mia bella ad' dio
Il guore mio lo lascio a te-e!
Ma non piangere, non sospiar
Ma non farmi sospir cosi:
Chese un giorno io tornero
Al tuo seno mi stringero.

II

Sem' batte all' ancora
Sem' batte ad' dio!
Il guore mio lo lascio a te-e
Vado-o a combbattere
Sol per la patria
Son melitare servo il Re!

Ma non pianger, non sospirar
Ma non farmi sofrir cosi!
Che fra dezerti e monti e mar,
Saró sempre accanto a te . . .
Eppure mi dice il guor . . .
Chese un giorno sul campo morir
Lul' timo sospir
Lul' timo baccio
Angelo mio ti manderó.

While we were all agreed that the richness of sentiment more than made up for the lack of grammar, we quarrelled as to the identity of the "Angelo Mio." Claire said Giuseppe had only thought of writing the "poem" after he had seen her, therefore she who had been found "bellissima" was the Angelo; Billy said, like the General, "Pooh, how can an Italian have eyes for any one that isn't a dark beauty?" while I was equally positive that I was meant, for hadn't I been the "ministering angel" who massaged their frozen feet, and hadn't the manuscript been given to me? But the Princess shook her head, saying that we were all very silly and stupid, when the "Angelo Mio" was certainly some Trentino peasant as dirty as the poet had been when he arrived—we still shuddered when we thought of his appearance then, which no language is poor enough to describe.

In the S—— hospital they continued to get fresh transports of wounded, and though they had offered only forty beds, they had now over sixty men, a number for which they had neither equipment nor money. The ladies who had undertaken to do all the work—scrubbing, sweeping, etc.,—very soon became tired out, and their funds did not permit of their getting

in women to help; nor were they able to provide sufficient food for the men, who, as soon as they were able to walk about, went round the shopkeepers in the town begging for food. The shopkeepers in return stopped their subscriptions to the Hospital, where there soon was nothing but worry and confusion. One day a despairing message came for me by telephone from the S—— hospital, saying that still another load of soldiers had arrived—Roumanians from the Bukovina, and, as I had been in Roumania, would I please come in and talk to them, for nobody else could? I began to realise how right the doctor had been when he said that a country composed of so many nationalities as Austria was, must not go to war: most unwise of all when it was enemy aliens who had to do the talking for them! Happily, as I had retained a little more Roumanian than Polish, I was able to talk to the men, most of whom were suffering from frost-bite in their feet, hands, ears, and nose, for the winter campaign against the Russians brought such horrors with it that one could only feel pity for those men who fought so unwillingly against an enemy whom, in their hearts, they looked upon as a friend. The Roumanians were thoroughly miserable and discontented, vexed at having to fight on the side of the hated Austrian, and, weary of everything, wanted only to be safe at home again. They had actually gone once for nine days without a regular meal, and when in desperation they had eaten, without permission, one of the three tins of "gulas" (a Hungarian stew) which each soldier carries with him, they were punished as the Italians had been. I scarcely credited this story at first; but the S—— ladies

shook their heads and said: "There are still worse things happening, Fräulein."

A solitary Bosnian Turk who was in the hospital was the object of the Roumanians' particular dislike. The poor wretch was very unhappy, as nobody could talk even a little with him, and sat alone in his corner all day playing with his beads and smoking his nargileh. The horror of the Roumanians when I told them that they had the Turks as allies was boundless, for the days of Turkish dominion are not yet forgotten by the Roumanian, to whom the very mention of the word still brings hatred and dread with it. The times on which they had fallen were indeed evil, they said: to fight with the Turk against the Russian!

Both Hungarians and Roumanians are musical, and the national music of both is equally beautiful, but the one race is so jealous of the other that, in the hospital, when they began to sing, each would try to outsing the other, careless of the effects of the din on soldiers who were really ill, and the Hungarians, being in the majority, usually won—which did not raise them in the Roumanians' esteem. I visited the Roumanians regularly and always found them, on the days they expected me, grouped round their window looking out for Claire's little horses. It was so nice, they said, to say anything they liked and not get shot for it; besides had not the "Cocoana" been in Roumania—their Land of Promise! Nor did I picture Roumania to them as less than they imagined it, and I verily believe they saw the streets of Bucarest paved with gold.

The Princess began to feel very bored, and

complaining that we all deserted her—the Prince and Billy for shooting, and Claire and I for these dirty Kätzelmacher—tried to induce the Prince to accompany her to Budapest for a few days. The Prince loathed all towns and Budapest in particular, whither, he said, wild horses wouldn't drag him—in fact, he had only one regret about Budapest—that it wasn't in Galicia to be occupied by the Russians and have those fussy Budapest people scattered as refugees throughout the land. Besides, nobody else was dull—the Princess could either come shooting with Billy and him, or like Claire and Jerry she could study Italian with the Kätzelmacher—and get dissertations on the Italian sonnet at first hand from Giuseppe. The Princess who did not abandon her idea of going to Budapest, though each of us refused in turn to accompany her, decided to start next day—a decision which she made daily, to the despair of her maid, till she actually did start in December!

Preparations for Christmas began early, and the Prince and Princess decided to send ten thousand cigarettes to each of the two regiments in which they were particularly interested—the Tronfolger's Hussars and a regiment of Light Blue Hussars. Machines, papers, and tobacco were purchased, and everybody set to work to make the cigarettes. I did not at all see why I should make cigarettes for Austrian soldiers, and I loathed the smell of unsmoked tobacco, yet I felt it would be ungracious in me to refuse to help in any way in a household where I had spent so many happy days. The Italians solved the difficulty for me by making all my share, and Claire's also: she was still

not strong after her illness, they argued, and they found amusement—and incidentally many extra smokes—in making the cigarettes on the cold days when they couldn't get out. Entering unobserved one morning as they were all standing at the window watching the Prince and Billy setting out to shoot, I heard Paride suggest that perhaps they ought to make Billy's cigarettes also.

"Sanctissima Madre, no!" said Giuseppe; "she's a soldier that one, and likes making them, and smoking them too." I fled in case I might come up for criticism next.

The Princess was impressed and delighted with the speed with which Claire and I had made our cigarettes, and held me in particular up to her whole household as a model of unselfishness and toleration, "for after all she's an enemy alien." Billy roared with laughter, and said that what people didn't know wouldn't hurt them; but more than that the Princess couldn't find out, for she took such delight and pride in the cigarettes that she thought I had made, that nobody had the heart to spoil her pleasure. The Italians had not known for a long time that I was British, and were even unwilling to believe it when told. That I belonged to the "forestieri," they knew, for I had talked with them and encouraged them to talk as no Austrian would have done, and they had noticed my difficulties with the Slavs, and the Hungarians, but that I came from England could not be possible! Their notions of where or what England was were very vague, and Antonio, after some contemplation, asked if England was not a very great

country, and at war with Austria. On being assured that she was, he replied in his slow deliberate way—

"Then the Signorina is of course a prisoner?"

I tried to explain how matters stood, but my Italian was limited, and that an enemy in an enemy land could "come and go without let or hindrance," was to the mind of the Trentino man, brought up in an atmosphere of repression and suspicion, a miracle, and this was not the age of miracles, so to the end they regarded me as living in Schloss K—— in simply a gilded cage. When I told them that not only was I free to leave Austria, but would soon do so, and going possibly through Italy would see the Trentino before any of them would, they all smiled and shook their heads, as if to say that there was a limit to their credulity, and, after a consultation with Antonio, Giuseppe said very earnestly—

"The Signorina must not think of leaving till I will be home for leave in Ala; she will have difficulties at the frontier, but the officials are my friends, and I shall see that they let her through."

When I suggested it to be scarcely likely that the Italian officials would still be at the frontier, and that Teutonic rules and regulations might now be the order of things in Ala, Giuseppe laughed long and loudly.

"Much good that will do! We know every path across the Alps; one needn't depend on trains; the Alps are wide and the Signorina will get through—she need have no fear. If she stays at Ala too, I shall show her my dog Terribile—he is a clever dog—all the customs officials are afraid of Terribile."

We did not again inquire very deeply into details of the feud between the more honest of the customs officials and Terribile, a small terrier, whose escapades with his master were of a nature to be easily guessed by all who had even a short acquaintance with Giuseppe. The name Terribile so delighted the Princess that she at once wanted to buy a dog and call it Terribile; and I believe that were not John Thomas too old for such sudden and drastic changes, he had received a new name on the spot.

The belief that peasants were made, mentally and physically, of coarser clay than those of a higher walk of life was firmly shared by our little pan-Slav doctor, who always insisted that anything was good enough for the soldiers, and that we fussed too much about them. The little surgical work that there was at the hospital frequently was very amusing. An old man in the village who suffered from varicose veins which had opened, came daily to our hospital to have his leg dressed. The doctor, in the intervals of talking treason, decided to cut away some loose skin, and asked me to fetch the scissors, which I carefully disinfected first, an operation which lasted too long for the doctor, who took up a pair which, it eventually transpired, Paride used for his toe-nails, saying—

"Na, what an idea! Disinfecting for these fellows! This pair is clean enough."

In spite of my predictions no complications ensued. The unfortunate Pole whose back had been rubbed by his haversack, developed abscesses, one of which the doctor decided to lance, telling me to pay great attention to the operation, as I must lance all the

others myself—it was really an easy matter, and he wasn't coming all the way out from S—— for that. Aghast at the idea, I suggested no end of disaster; but the doctor laughed and said—

"Na, my dear, you won't kill those chaps so easily," and proposed that I should get some help from Billy, who, however, refused to have a hand in killing any soldier of the Imperial and Royal Army, saying that if I felt I was "doing my bit" for my country in that way I might do so, and nothing further would be said about the matter, but from patriotic motives she could neither aid nor abet me. With the help of Therese, who said, "such things weren't for women," and disappeared at the psychological moments, I got through the operations. The man did not die, so the doctor was probably right.

Towards the end of the month a short-lived hope that Italy would either enter the war on the side of Austria and Germany, or maintain at least a friendly neutrality, began to spread, and Hungarians became happy and satisfied when the Austrian troops were moved from the Italian frontier down to Serbia, feeling that British intrigue in Italy, of which one had heard so much, was not to be reckoned against Germany's diplomacy—"not that Italy was behaving well—she should have kept to her bond, and entered the fray on the side of the Central Powers from the beginning, but a friendly neutrality was better than war of course. The Italians were a lying race at best, and though Italy might be right according to the actual wording of the Treaty, from the interpretation of the thing according to moral obligations she was

all wrong, and her action would go down to history as the outstanding example of complete perfidy," and the Prince, the Oberstuhlrichter, and Uncle Pista, were suitably grieved and shocked as Major L——, who had come to inspect the hospital, thus summed up Italy's conduct.

"Belgium," I suggested, "would be happy if a certain country had kept even to the letter of her agreement: the moral obligations——" But, before I finished, the Oberstuhlrichter drew me aside, saying—

"Fräulein, if you cannot keep that long tongue of yours quiet, you really will get yourself and me into trouble, for enemy aliens not being allowed near the military hospitals, Major L—— has not been told that you are British, so please be more careful."

The discussion on Italy continued without further interruption from me, till they wondered how soon, after this war was settled, could Germany and Austria wage their punitive war on Italy, and I could not keep quiet, but suggested that if it was fighting with Italy they wanted, they were scarcely likely to require to wait till this war was over to get that. Major L——, looking puzzled, inquired if the lady was pan-Slav; and the Oberstuhlrichter, glaring at me as I moved away, said—

"Yes—oh, yes; I think I can truthfully say that she is pan-Slav." Then, under his breath, "Luder!" This being too much for our gravity, we all roared with laughter, and the whole story of my nationality was told to Major L—— by the Prince, the Oberstuhlrichter becoming more fidgety with each word.

Major L—— laughed as heartily as any, saying to the Oberstuhlrichter—

"But why should you think that I mind if you allow the English lady to amuse herself by nursing the soldiers? Of course, it's really not allowed; but the matter is one for your discretion, and if you permit it, I've nothing to say. They'll be tremendously interested in Tirnau when I tell them that there's an English lady looking after the hospital here."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," thundered the Oberstuhlrichter, purple in the face. "It's no business of anybody in Tirnau who's nursing here, and I'll thank you to hold your tongue about the matter."

"Of course," said Major L——, "if you don't want it known, I won't mention it; but I can't understand why."

The Prince, who had been much amused and surprised at the Oberstuhlrichter's outburst, remarked that his friend Lajos was developing nerves since the Russians had been getting through the Carpathians. But the Oberstuhlrichter again snapped out that there would be the very mischief to pay if that Englishwoman couldn't keep her tongue still when it was necessary.

HUZUL PEASANTS OF THE NADWÓRNA-JABLONITSA DISTRICTS.

DECEMBER

In the beginning of December a Light Blue Hussar, who had been invalided home, came on a short visit to Schloss K——. He had been in Galicia, where he was laid up with dysentery—"The second worst case in the hospital, too," he said with pride—and he was glad to escape with dysentery which was one of the minor diseases in Galicia where cholera, spotted typhus, and small-pox were raging. The campaign in this waste and infected land was almost too horrible for description—not only did the nature of the country, the climate, and the difficulties of transport make fighting there a hopeless task, but the morale of the Austrian troops was bad, and Galicia was simply a nest of treachery: there wasn't a man, he said, from end to end of Galicia but had his price. It was better now, for there was practically no civilian population left, but in the beginning they had been quite unable to cope with the treachery. Almost the very first traitor to be shot was one of their own colonels—an Austrian, who was not a Slav, and who had never been suspected of any anti-Austrian leanings. It had been his unpleasant duty on several occasions to preside over the execution of the Slav priests who had been convicted of treason; "And I give you my word, it was almost more than I could get through. They

thought far less of it than I did, and were much calmer. It's one thing to kill Russians in a bayonet charge, but to string up those miserable priests in cold blood was no job for me," and the Hussar grew pale at the recollections of the dawn of those hideous August mornings in Galicia. He was full of admiration for the Russian, whom he described as " the best-natured fellow in the world," and a very clean fighter. He could get his Hungarians to face anything except the Don Cossacks, whose very name demoralised the enemy. " And that is not saying little," he said, " for in the whole world I don't believe you'll find fighters like the Hungarians, unless, perhaps, the Scottish Englishmen in the little skirts."

He was, nevertheless, very full of hope and enthusiasm, and was confident, not in the power of Austria, but of Germany to win ; and he spoke of the efficiency and organisation of the Germans with whom he had come in contact very often, as something that passed his comprehension, frankly confessing that till German officers would be distributed over the whole Austrian line nothing could ever be effected against the Russians in Galicia, " for it isn't in us to be good officers—but we remain human beings, while those Germans are nothing but machines—*pfui !* "

He had fought a lot in the districts in which I had been in Galicia, and had been quartered in a house I stayed in—the one house with a bath that he had come across in Galicia ! As the Austrians retreated before the advance of the Russians he had fired the house and every other building of any size in the district. He had been also in Poland, where he described the whole

population, whose misery and distress were heart-rending, as being almost paralysed with terror at the approach of the Germans. They were seldom afraid of the Austrians, among whom were usually kind-hearted soldiers of Russian sympathies; and when the Hussar entered a cottage to find the mother and children crouching in a corner, his greeting was always, "Good-day, mother. Why are you afraid? I'm not a German." All were starving—Russian Pole and Jew—in Poland, where there wasn't a bite of food to be had for love or money. "When our transports did come up," said the officer, "we usually shared with the poor wretches; but, *du lieber Himmel*, we were as hungry ourselves most of the time as they were." The Hussar was telling too much, and the Prince interposed—it was time to talk of other things. Had we realised what excellent headway the Austrian offensive against Serbia was making? Belgrade having fallen, obviously the limit to the Serbian resistance had at last been reached; and—very wickedly—what did Jerry think of it? I remarked that there was nothing to be proud of in that. Austria and Germany were big enough, and Serbia small enough, to have finished that campaign long ago.

Then Claire, having explained to the Hussar that Jerry was a person of no manners and small intelligence, asked what Serbia would become—Hungarian or Austrian?

The Prince replied that neither Hungary nor Austria really wished to keep Serbia always—conquered territory was only a nuisance. "The devil has taught us that in this war," said the Hussar, and

with "When did you 'conquer' your collection of territory?" from me, the Prince continued, "As I was saying when these rude children interrupted, conquered territory is only a nuisance, so we will not finally annex Serbia; but the murderer, King Peter, will go—undoubtedly he will go; then, Serbian Macedonia will be given to the Bulgarians, who are such good friends to the Central Powers. Yes, that is what will be done, children, and during the time we shall occupy Serbia, we'll get our own back out of it again."

I listened to this disposal of Serbia with a certain amount of amusement, for the Man of Art, as I watched him hoist the flags at the Schloss gates when Belgrade fell ("one must put out the flags to make a moral impression on the Slovaks," the Prince said), had given me courage.

"Don't lose heart, Fräulein; you'll hear something in a day or two that will make certain people wish these flags hadn't been put out. The Serbs are not so low down as Austria imagines, and they're preparing a nice little surprise. Ask the doctor, or the priest, if you don't believe me, Fräulein."

The Light Blue Hussar would not go across to the hospital at all. He approved of it in the distance, but "What do you want me to go there for?" he said. "Do you imagine it's a treat for the soldiers to see an officer? No, poor devils, they see more of us than they like, and we see a lot more of them than we like, so, for goodness' sake, give us each a rest from the other."

Then, to everybody's regret, the doctor pronounced our soldiers ready to leave K——, an announcement

which caused real disappointment in the village, where the soldiers, when they were able to go to Mass every morning, had made many friends among the Slovaks, and Giuseppe, always enterprising, had discovered among them one who had been in America, and having lived among Italian emigrants, could talk a little Italian. The day before their departure Giuseppe disappeared into the village without permission in the afternoon. This breach of discipline had never occurred before, and, as it was to be his last day in K——, Claire and I, feeling it could be pardoned, decided not to tell the Prince who, returning from a walk in the park with Billy, did what he had never done before—went into the hospital at tea-time, and noticed that Giuseppe was missing. Antonio explained that Giuseppe had just gone out for a short time to see the lady who spoke Italian, and would be back at any moment; but this did not prevent the Prince worrying.

"As long as the rascal doesn't get drunk and unable to leave to-morrow, I don't mind," he said to us at tea; "but if he takes too much alcohol and sets up inflammation in his feet again there will be no end of a row with the military in Tirnau."

We raised a chorus of protest in which even the Princess joined. What, our young and beautiful Giuseppe get drunk! No one but the Prince could imagine such a thing! Giuseppe might only be an Alpine muleteer from Ala, but he was a poet with the ideals of a poet and had some idea of what was due to those whose hospitality he enjoyed.

The Prince looked pityingly at us all, saying

that Claire and Billy were certainly very young, and he could understand their believing in the high-souled poet nonsense; but their friend Jerry, who had come in contact with most of the scum of Europe in her travels, ought to know better by this time what to expect of a Kätzelmacher. What children we all were to be sure!

At half-past eight Giuseppe had still not returned, and later, just as the butler and the gamekeeper were about to start out in search of the culprit, I went to the hospital to find that he had returned—drunk, helplessly and revoltingly drunk! He recognised me, nevertheless, and inquired if he was to be shot next day for being out so late without permission.

"Not for staying out," I replied, "but for being drunk; for you're as drunk as a pig."

I was reading late in my room that night when the butler suddenly appeared at my door to inquire if I could possibly go across to the hospital, for the Italian soldier was so afraid that he was going to be shot for being drunk that he was howling and crying and no one could stop him. The other soldiers, whom I found enjoying it immensely, were telling Giuseppe to stop wasting time sobbing and screaming, and prepare for his last confession; and when I had eventually succeeded in persuading the poor wretch that he was in no danger of his life, Antonio said—

"The signorina will now understand what our treatment is like in the army when it can inspire such fear. Had Giuseppe been sober he would still have been afraid, when he returned, of being shot for going out and staying late without permission."

Next day Giuseppe was much ashamed, but still afraid, for when by chance the gendarmes from S—— came on their rounds to inspect the hospital, for the first time, Giuseppe speedily disappeared, believing they had come to take him away. He really did imagine that I had in some way saved his life, for when they all were leaving in the afternoon, he said—

"Addio, Signorina, I owe my life to you, and when you come to Ala all my family (he was one of ten) will be at the station to receive you, and my father's mules will be at your disposal." Whereupon Billy immediately drew and sent round to her soldier friends a very amusing caricature of my triumphal entry to Ala—preceded by Terribile and by Giuseppe's numerous relatives waving British and Italian flags, and followed by the paternal mules which Giuseppe, fresh from army discipline, was trying vainly to Teutonise into behaviour that was decent and in order. A visit to Ala became unlimited in possibilities!

Life, when the soldiers had left, became so monotonous that I decided to go to Vienna, to the dentist, and incidentally find out what was to be my mode of procedure for getting home.

The Prince was not very enthusiastic, and inquired if my experiences in S—— hadn't put me off dentists, referring unkindly to a very unpleasant visit I had paid in September to the S—— dentist for temporary repairs, when the wretch, once I was safely gagged and helpless, opened fire and told me, as he worked, all he thought of my country. He didn't go quite unpunished, for I walked out without paying him, which was very gratifying next morning, when I

discovered I had swallowed the "temporary repairs" during the night. As I trusted to find more enlightenment and better manners in Vienna, the Prince inquired then, if I was determined to go, where I intended to stay.

"In the Grand Hotel, of course."

"You cannot stay in any hotel."

"Why not?"

"Because, you see, to punish England for her ill-treatment of enemy aliens, Germany imposed certain rules to be observed by British people in Germany, and Austria has been unwillingly forced to take some measures in that way also. Enemy aliens may not write or receive letters from abroad——"

"But I've done so all the time."

"That is entirely due to the good nature of the Herr Oberstuhlrichter, who has never in any way let you feel that you are an enemy alien. If you lived in another district, and had other officials to deal with, things might be unpleasantly different. The other rules you are supposed to observe are: you may not be out before 6 a.m. or after 8 p.m.; you may not appear in any public place, that is, theatre, concert, cinematograph, church, etc., and an hotel is a public place, therefore you cannot stay in one."

"I mean to go to Vienna just the same, and I'm not going to impose the trouble of an enemy alien and the Vienna police on any of my friends; so, isn't there any home for waifs and strays that will take me in?"

"This is no matter for jesting," the Prince said with such seriousness, his tone and manner so like

what a German would employ in the circumstances, that I laughed aloud. "If you behave like that, you will certainly get into trouble in Vienna, and, though you speak German, I may say, with greater success than you do Italian or Polish, and might not be detected by your accent, you have not quite the manner or the appearance of a German."

"Punish me in any way you like for being British, only don't say that I must behave or look like a German. Besides, as we already proved here on a memorable evening, a German appearance does not make for seriousness."

"This levity is really unseemly," he said, losing patience, "and I wish I could make you realise in what circumstances you will find yourself if you persist in this frivolous outlook. It really *is* a serious matter, Jerry, and try to remember that I am responsible to your friends for your safety. And now let us return to the question of where you will stay. There is an English Home in the Giselastrasse—oh, you know it—very good. I advise you to stay there. Now you must go to the Oberstuhlrichter for a permit to travel on the railway—you can't travel without one, even Hungarians and Austrians need it."

The Oberstuhlrichter was very uneasy about my going to Vienna, saying that there was nothing to be seen there but Galician refugees and wounded soldiers, and nothing to be got there but cholera and spotted typhus; so, why go?

At length, with many warnings accompanied by doleful shakings of his head, he wrote me a permit in which my name was so distorted that it might quite

well have been that of a Greek or a Turk: this the good soul did on purpose, lest my British name might lead to any unpleasantness in the train. Might he also, he inquired, say that I was a loyal citizen of K——? it would be wise. In the interests of truth, I thought it would be wiser not. Then what on earth would he say? I suggested that I could be a "peaceful inhabitant" travelling to Vienna on her own private business. Yes, he thought that would do all right, and be less incriminating to both of us.

At the moment of my departure the Princess, losing courage, begged me to either stay in K——, or take Therese with me; but the Prince, for once, supported me, saying that a lady travelling alone was much less likely to attract attention than a lady travelling with a maid, and that if I really was determined to go to England shortly—which I should have to do alone, it was ridiculous to fuss over that little bit of a journey to Vienna.

The Prince was right, for the journey turned out to be almost as void of incident in time of war as it was in time of peace, and the permit which had caused the Oberstuhlrichter so much thought, was not asked for.

At Nagy Sambot station, where I changed trains and had two hours to wait, I overheard, as I was having tea, a very entertaining discussion by some elderly gentlemen on Berchtold and on the Serbian offensive. Most of them maintained that Berchtold, who was not at heart pro-German, was little better than a traitor to his country: everybody knew that he had been against that ultimatum being sent to Serbia.

Berchtold had to go, otherwise there would be serious trouble with Willy—their one hope.

A very small minority contended that while Berchtold undoubtedly was a traitor to his country, it was because he had been unable to avert the war and stem the tide of German influence which had brought them to their present troubles: any minister who was not strong enough to act independently of Germany, and see where the real interests of his country lay, must certainly leave the Foreign Office. As for their Serbian offensive—that could, as usual, only spell disaster. There were already rumours that the Serbs had only evacuated Belgrade to fall back on stronger positions and begin a counter-offensive; nobody would be surprised either if the Serbs would actually succeed in throwing the Austrians back across the Danube, for the Serbs had real officers, while the Austrians had puppets. This the others, in great indignation, began to oppose, just as the arrival of the Vienna train prevented my hearing any more of the discussion.

The only other occupant of my compartment in the Vienna train was a Jew—obviously a merchant—who was seated at the passage end of the compartment with the curtain drawn, and was much interested in a large black bag, which he handled cautiously—even tenderly—finally depositing it under the seat. Becoming interested in my book, I forgot all about the Jew and his bag till a series of blood-curdling shrieks suddenly came from the other end of the compartment. The Jew had opened the black bag to see if its occupant—a live hen—was all right: the

hen tried to get out, and the more the Jew pushed her in, the louder she screeched, till, finally, several gentlemen came rushing from neighbouring compartments to see "ob der Dame etwas passiert ist," but "the lady," helpless with laughing, could only point to the Jew struggling with his hen—neither of which was visible at first glance from the corridor. The story soon spread, and by the time we got to Vienna nearly every person in the train had been along to have a look at the Jew and his live stock, which he informed me was a present from an aunt he had been visiting in Nagy Sambot—a very welcome present, too, for one who lived in Vienna, where meat and all the necessities of life were so dear that it was almost impossible to live. And as for bread! It was nothing short of a scandal that these grasping Hungarian landowners were keeping back the grain, when already white bread had ceased to exist and the black bread was of the poorest and coarsest quality.

The English Home was so crowded with ladies passing through Vienna on their way home to England that I could not get a room, for I arrived before my letter, and would have been very unpleasantly situated had not one lady very kindly offered to share hers with me. It was very pleasing to be in sight and sound of home though in Vienna, and we talked throughout the whole night, exchanging experiences. My lines had fallen in happier places, for she had been up in the Carpathians within sound of the Russian guns since September, and only succeeding now in getting away, and losing all her possessions on

the very difficult journey, arrived in Vienna with only a handbag.

English ladies in Vienna, observing the regulations for enemy aliens with great strictness, were little troubled by the police, whom they usually found very polite and fairly considerate, and, except for the difficulty they experienced in finding work, nobody seemed then to have any very serious fault to find with their treatment by the Austrians. There were exceptions, but these were unquestionably in the minority. Personally, meeting Austrian friends then in Vienna for the first time since the outbreak of the war, I could observe no difference in their attitude to me, and all being, without exception, very depressed about events in Galicia and Russia, seemed deeply to regret circumstances which had brought them into conflict with Great Britain. They were all strained and uneasy, and social life had completely lost its old sparkle, for living, even for the very rich, had become really a serious problem, while the cost of the war and Austria's financial difficulties simply appalled those who did not rely on the lying Vienna press for their information. The shops, which in December were usually packed with the busy crowds of Christmas shoppers, were now empty, and shopkeepers eager to reduce to any price to get things sold. Claire and Billy having asked me to buy some English books for them, I was a little afraid of the reception I might get in asking for them; but so far from being displeased, the shop-people were delighted and could not sell enough to me.

"You still sell English books then?" I had the

effrontery to ask. And the reply came that the gracious lady would surely understand that in times like these one was only too glad to sell English books or anything else.

The whole atmosphere in Vienna was much gloomier than in Hungary, where Willy the dashing and plucky was expected to save their land from the enemy: in Vienna it was otherwise, and Willy's name got a cold reception from the Viennese, who blamed him for taking advantage of their old Emperor's dotage to lead them into this quagmire. The streets were literally swarming with wounded soldiers, and every public building seemed to have become a hospital—except the theatres, which were open at half-price that the Galician refugees might have some amusement. Vienna was very tired of the Galician refugees, whom it blamed for having brought so many infectious diseases to the city. It was something very strange and new to see in Vienna all the Galician Jews in ear-curls and gabardine staring open-mouthed at the many wonderful things to be seen there.

On inquiry as to what my mode of procedure was to be to enable me to leave Austria, I learned that nothing was necessary except a permit—obtainable through my Oberstuhlrichter—to leave my district for England, and a passport, which, all at the Home being horrified to find I had not yet procured, I was sent at once to the American Consulate to obtain.

My arrival was at once reported from the English Home to the police, who are proverbially slow in Vienna, and by the time they arrived at the Home

MARKET DAY IN GALICIA—NEAR NADWÓRNA.

GALICIAN PEASANTS.

with their paper of regulations for me to sign, I was safely back in K——, where rules didn't trouble us and where one might be an enemy alien or anything else one liked.

The dentist, Dr. B——, was extremely tactful and kind, avoiding all mention of war, and on my remarking casually that I was about to telegraph to K—— that I would be unable to return at the end of the week, when they expected me, asked to be allowed to send off the telegram for me, as, enemy aliens being forbidden to telegraph, I might have unpleasantness at the post office. Another day an old gentleman suffering from violent toothache entered after me, and knowing that I should be detained a long time in the consulting-room, I suggested that he should take my turn and get his tooth out at once. He did so very gratefully, and it appears that when in the consulting-room Dr. B—— said to him, "You owe this to an English lady," he was very surprised and said, "Then I didn't thank her sufficiently. I must go back and thank her again"—which he did very prettily.

It was, nevertheless, never quite wise to talk English on the streets, and many unpleasant episodes had arisen through Englishwomen disregarding all warning about this. As two American ladies of my acquaintance were one day walking in the Opernring, a Vienna woman overhearing them talking English stopped them saying—

"Please don't talk French in my presence."

My friends, who could understand though they were unable to talk German, replied expansively in English—

"Well, now you may just be quite sure that we won't talk French—you see we can't."

Whereupon, the Vienna woman becoming insolent, my friends hurried away.

It was while I was in Vienna that news came of the terrible disaster to the Austrians in Serbia. From the English Home we heard the newsboys in the street below calling "Extrablatt! Extra! News from Serbia," and, though it was almost eight o'clock, I crept out, finding the wildest excitement in the streets, and had just time to buy an "extra" and hide it in my muff, when the police arrived confiscating all the papers. People had gathered in groups at the corners and the cafés—some talking excitedly but more silently weeping, for the news was awful. Fifty thousand Austrians were killed, or drowned in the Danube, when chased back by the Serbs' strong counter-offensive—as many more were said to be taken prisoner, and the booty captured by the Serbs represented everything that the Austrians had had with them. The enthusiasm that this news aroused in the English Home almost outdid our rejoicings over the Falkland Islands battle, of which the Vienna press had given, a few days previously, a very grudging account, representing the British vessels at at least thirty-five strong and aided by Japanese warships.

When I went to the station on the day I fixed for my return to Hungary I found that, as frequently happened, the train was not running; the trains were often withdrawn without warning when there was any pressure of transports going up to Galicia. It was necessary for me to telegraph immediately, at the

station, to K—— not to send in the horses to fetch me at S——, otherwise my telegram would arrive after they would have left; and an unnecessary journey for his horses on the heavy snowy roads at K—— I felt would annoy the Prince, so trusting to finding a good-natured clerk in the office I decided to risk sending off the telegram myself. It was my misfortune to find the clerk already mounted to a passion by an Austrian lady who wanted to telegraph to Brünn, but having nothing to prove her identity was unable to do so. Her husband was Major Baron S——, but as she could not satisfy the clerk on this point, she had to leave the office, vowing as she did so to report the clerk for over-officiousness, which did not improve his humour. Having paid the "war-tax" of five heller for the form, I wrote my telegram and very nervously presented it to the raging clerk, who eyed my signature suspiciously and asked what kind of a name that was. "I am up from Hungary," I said, ignoring his question, "and can't get back to-day as I meant to; so this telegram is to tell them not to send for me to the station till to-morrow."

"I've got no time to waste on explanations like that. Where is your 'Legitimation'? You can't send a telegram without it."

Getting desperate, I asked what he meant exactly by a "Legitimation."

"Any paper to prove that you're the person you represent yourself to be."

I joyfully presented him with the Oberstuhlrichter's "permit," of which, as it was in Hungarian, the clerk could not understand one word; but one thing he did

make out was that the name on the telegram did not at all resemble the one on the permit. It didn't—a fact that scarcely allayed his suspicions, but irritable though he was, he really wanted to give me every chance, and said that, as I was travelling, I would probably have my passport with me, as no one was supposed to travel now without one—that would do—anything that would prove I wasn't an enemy alien! My passport was far from doing that, but as it was such a nice clean new one, I thought he might be satisfied with it from a distance. He was not—and when he had examined it carefully, he gasped ironically—

"You give me this to prove that you are not an enemy alien?"

"You asked me for my passport," I replied, as the old nursery rhyme, "off to prison she must go, she must go," began to run through my head.

But suddenly the wild little man's mood changed, and his sense of humour asserting itself he literally shrieked with laughter, informing me, when he recovered his breath, that he would send the telegram after all; he supposed as it was to the Prince it would be all right, and, cautioning me at the same time to refrain from sending telegrams in future, he handed me back my passport and wished me "Gute Reise."

Next day on my way back to K—— I saw at Pressburg station a transport of Russian prisoners—great strapping Cossacks, looking well fed and fit, and exceedingly happy—very different to the Serbian prisoners who had been marched through Vienna a few days previously, looking magnificent, but haughty

and gloomy. It was a common joke in Vienna that very few Serbs having been taken prisoner, the same lot were marched periodically through the city to inspire confidence that things were moving successfully in Serbia, and that prisoners were being continually taken. The Russians came crowding to look out of their trucks. Many people on the platform spoke kindly to them, bringing them cigarettes, while those Russians who knew German replied.

At Nagy Sambot the Princess was awaiting me. My departure to Vienna had inspired her to start at last on her oft-proposed journey to Budapest, and now on her return, having also to change at Nagy Sambot, she met the Vienna train on the chance of finding me in it. From Nagy Sambot in the slow cold local train to S—— our journey was quite without incident. Her visit to Budapest, where all her friends were overwhelmed with war-work, was not too bright, and she was very happy to return again to K——, where the war hadn't got on our nerves as it had on those of Budapest people, who this year, she said, intended giving no Christmas presents except such as could be used in some way for the soldiers—kilos of wool, webs of flannel, cigarettes, etc., "and altogether Budapest is a stupid town."

At S—— station the Prince met us, and not noticing me in the train, called to the Princess, who got out first—

"Have you not seen Jerry?"

"Why, of course, here she is," said the Princess.

"Thank Heaven for that!"

The poor Prince, who had made up his mind that

I was going to get into trouble in Vienna, was anxious beyond all words when I had not arrived on the previous night, for my telegram had been so delayed that it arrived only after the horses had come back from the station. Claire heard them coming slowly and said—

"The horses are walking: Jerry hasn't come."

Whereupon the Prince is reported to have said—

"Oh, the devil take all English people: they're only a trouble and a nuisance," but this he stoutly denies.

During my absence a new transport of soldiers, mostly suffering from rheumatism, had arrived in the hospital—again a mixed crowd of Slovenes and Hungarians and one Italian. One Hungarian seemed very ill, and the doctor was very worried about him.

"We've really got a very bad case here," he said: "the man's got typhus—typhus, Fräulein. I suppose I ought to inoculate you, but I think you won't take it: you nursed Claire already. This man is very ill though. He must have had the fever about him for two weeks already, and the carelessness of those in the military hospital in allowing him to travel in such a condition must not go unpunished. Keep Claire and Billy away from him; for though Claire has just had it, she's capable of having it again."

The living-room of the hospital was given up to the typhus patient, and I took charge, helped by the Italian soldier who had already had typhus. He was a red-hot anti-Austrian from Trieste, where he was "in civile" a "maestro di musica," and played in the Trieste Municipal Orchestra. He was exceedingly lively and intelligent, and having learned Ruthenish

in Galicia, was able to talk with the Slavs, with whom he was very friendly. If the Trentino men had been pro-Italian, he was still more so, and at the first opportunity intended to desert to Italy: there were many ways of crossing the Adriatic also! He spent his days talking sedition with the Slavs and composing "Galizia" polkas and "Schloss K——" waltzes—a pleasant change from Przemysl, where he had worked in the interval between the two investments, day and night strengthening the fortifications and laying in provisions; a work that made such progress in the short time that all now declared the fortress, though again surrounded, able to hold out for at least a year.

"Rubbish," said the doctor, who now gave me all news *sotto voce* in the typhus patient's room. "Rubbish, there isn't an Austrian born yet who could hold a fortress for that time. They won't take the necessary care of the provisions—they simply can't do it—they don't know how. My son is home from Serbia for a fortnight's leave. Do you know why? Because there's no artillery left; the Serbs got everything of ours—every cannon, every machine-gun, the munitions and even the rifles, for the Austrians simply left everything and fled for their lives—very few of them saving that. My son is the only officer left in his battalion. He has been in action—between battles and skirmishes—seventeen times, and since the beginning of last August has slept three times in a bed. Galicia is a playground compared with Serbia, where the officers are the best on earth."

The Man of Art went further; for his cousin, who had been fighting in a Croatian regiment against the

Serbs, told how, when the Serbs suddenly resumed the offensive, the Austrian officers, feasting and merry-making in Belgrade, were for the most part too helplessly drunk to command their troops, which, when the alarm came, had all to be led by non-commissioned officers. I heard this story confirmed later in Vienna, which was broken-hearted with disappointment. The newspapers remained very silent about Serbia, and General Potiorek becoming judiciously ill, the Archduke Eugen, whom I had seen a few days previously leading the Maltese Knights at the funeral of the Graf von Fin, got his command. As a Maltese Knight the Archduke had looked so brave and handsome that I feared this might just be the man needed to lead the Austrians to victory at last; but the appointment was received on all sides with "achs" and "ochs," and the presence of an Archduke leading the Austrians against the Serbs seemed all that was necessary to complete the long chain of Austrian disaster.

Wild stories of a Russian plot to have the Austrian Chief of Staff assassinated began to circulate in Austria; and as Claire was telling me about them when we were walking in the park one day we met the gardener. "I'll give this traitor something to think about," she said, stopping him. "Do you know what your dear friends the Russians have done? It has been discovered that the Tsar has offered to pay a hundred thousand crowns for the assassination of Conrad von Hötzendorf. How proud you must now be to be pro-Russian!"

The Man of Art laughed. "Highness may be quite sure that that story is untrue—and a very

stupid lie, for the Russians are not such fools as to offer money for the assassination of one who can only lead the Austrians from defeat to disaster. No, Highness, if they pay at all it is to keep him alive, and where he is: he's their best asset."

"Herr Gärtner, you are quite horrid to talk like that before an English lady; she's going soon to England, where she will tell how anti-Austrian you are, and what will they think of us there?"

I moved away as Claire's tears came, leaving her to fight the matter out unrestrained by enemy-alien ears.

Our thoughts began to turn to Christmas, and the Princess decided to give as usual their treat in the Schloss to the school children.

"Poor little mites!" she said, "they can't help the war; and why should they not have their pleasure though there's a war going on? Let stupid Berchtold and that sneaking Grey do without their presents this year! I'm going to make the children happy—just the same—only," she explained to the priest, "you must tell the schoolmaster that I shall expect the children to be able to sing to me; so let him prepare some of our Hungarian choruses with them, and they can all come here as usual on Christmas Day at half-past five."

The Prince said, "Let well alone, Helène; don't attempt any innovations here. They'll see a national movement in your wanting Hungarian songs; if you had suggested Slovak. . . ."

But the Princess turned to the priest. "No, Herr Pfarrer, I want Hungarian choruses. Tell that to the

schoolmaster. He needn't send the children here screaming Slovak songs. I want them to learn to sing nicely in Hungarian."

The priest, looking very doubtful, promised to deliver the message; and the Princess, thinking she had instituted a long-wanted reform in K——, felt happy and satisfied. Toys for the children and presents for the mothers and grandmothers were ordered from Budapest, and all in the Schloss became very busy and expectant—even John Thomas seemed to wonder what kind of a new collar he was going to get. The typhus patient caused us all much thought, for he was dreadfully ill, and once the delirium had passed and the fever abated, became irritable and very trying to nurse. The doctor was confident of a good recovery, and on the day before Christmas said that in a very short time we might give some solid food to the soldier, who then and there asked if he might have at once a certain Hungarian soup of which he was very fond, but which he had always been too poor to get. The doctor was almost lurid in forbidding the soup; and, noticing that the sick man continued uneasy and expectant, I asked if there was anything else he wanted particularly, and got the reply that his wife had sent him some time ago a parcel containing some good things to eat, and it didn't seem to arrive. Claire, finding on inquiry at the post-office that no parcel had come for him, made up one of cake, fruit, etc., and pretending that it was the one he expected, I told him that though he might not yet eat those things they would be put away for him till he was better; but with satisfaction and pride

he insisted that they should be immediately divided among the other soldiers who could eat them.

In the afternoon the decoration of the Christmas tree and the preparations for the children's treat, to be held on the next day, were proceeding amid great merriment, when a footman appeared to say that the Italian soldier had come to fetch Fräulein Sherry, for the sick soldier was dying. Unfortunately the Italian had not exaggerated, for heart failure had set in; the priest was immediately fetched, and just as the prayers were finished the soldier died. The Princess's first thought was one of regret that in spite of doctor's orders I had not allowed him to have the soup he liked so much, but had always been too poor to get. "He would have died anyhow, and it was the only chance he ever had in his life of getting that soup!" His wife, who had been telegraphed to in the early stages of the man's illness, but had probably not wanted to spend the money on the long journey from the borders of Transylvania, eventually arrived full of grief for her young husband. Though he had a wife and two children the soldier had been only twenty-one years of age, for in Hungary the peasant marries young—a wife and children meaning money to him, in saving paid labour on his fields. Our Christmas was turned into gloom and all festivities were put off till New Year—the school children and their relatives being but little disappointed, for a funeral, which in Hungary is regarded as being of a festive nature, offered adequate compensation for the postponement of the treat. The Man of Art spent long hours in fashioning wreaths and crosses, and in making the

church beautiful with huge palms and draperies of black for the funeral service.

The soldiers carried the coffin shoulder-high from the Schloss to the church, where every man, woman, and child was gathered from far and near—the men kneeling in the snow outside, for the church barely held all the women. When the usual service for the dead had been read, a memorial hymn, words and music written for the occasion by the schoolmaster, was sung by old Remeceks of beautiful voice; but there had not been time for the necessary rehearsals of the hymn, and old Remeceks getting carried away in his enthusiasm, "the singer went before, the player followed after." At the grave amid the snow the priest delivered an address, first in Hungarian then in Slovak, during which I overheard one soldier say to another, "Just think of that chap's luck—to die in a bed and have such a beautiful funeral!" This, too, was the side of the question that appealed mostly to the widow, for she departed the following day very consoled by the splendour of the funeral and the beauty of the Man of Art's wreaths. "My husband would never get a burial like that at home," she said —her tone almost implying that the soldier had done well for himself in dying in K——. Meantime, after the funeral, the entire population repaired to the inn, where not one man, and very few women, remained sober; and it was to the sounds of the revelry from afar that we went to sleep that night—the whole suggesting the story of the Scotsman who, when found very drunk in a ditch, remarked that "He didn't know whether it had been a weddin' or a

funeral, but onywey it was a graun' success." When the parcel which the poor soldier had so eagerly awaited at length arrived, it was found to contain a lump of mouldy black bread and a bit of sausage. We all cried a little over it, but were full of thankfulness that its delay had allowed the soldier to distribute the cakes and fruit which he had such pleasure in imagining his wife had sent him from her savings.

The Prince received for New Year a letter from Giovanni, the brigand who carried the tobacco to be made into cigarettes by the ladies in the factory at Rovereto. Claire, Billy, and I had received picture post-cards from every town they stopped at, from the other Italians, who vowed never to forget the beautiful Schloss at K——, or the kind ladies there whose servants they remained for the rest of their lives.

"See, children," said the Prince, looking at the signature before reading the letter, "a letter to me from Giovanni, who I always said was the only honest man in that Italian crowd. Let us see what he says —a letter of thanks, probably." Nothing was further from honest Giovanni's thoughts! His mother was ill, his grandmother had died, his sister was about to enter a hospital to undergo a severe operation, his brother was out of work and would "il Principe" send sixty crowns at once?

As "Il Principe" did not immediately do so, a second letter arrived, repeating the information and the demand, and suggesting that the first letter had got lost; whereupon the Princess, learning that her cruel husband had not sent the money at once, dissolved into tears over the poverty and misfortunes of

Giovanni. The Prince was not to be moved; for he pointed out, if he sent the money, disaster would the following week overtake any that remained of Giovanni's family, and he wasn't going to support all the Kätzelmachers in the Trentino—let their friends in Italy do that!

JANUARY

The dawn of the New Year found friction between Austria and Hungary continuing on the grain question. The Hungarian landowners still refused to sell, and the bread riots which had taken place in the larger towns formed the chief topic of conversation. The Prince, one of the biggest of the landowners, declared his willingness to sell if the others would, but not pretending to be a philanthropist, he told his agents to hold back till the others would come forward. The Austrian Government began to use coercive measures towards Hungary—as diplomatically as possible, for, Hungary being the backbone of the realm, they were not in a position to risk any serious division with her just then. A certain amount of grain was released, but not sufficient to make any appreciable difference to the market, so, prices remaining as high as ever, Vienna grumbled. Butcher meat, too, was dear beyond the memory of all: in the country game was good and plentiful, but in the towns it was far otherwise, and there was unprecedented distress and misery for the war-workers to relieve.

Disease continued to spread very rapidly, and the big towns were literally nests of infection, for the winter had not been cold enough to check the spotted typhus, small-pox, and cholera which were raging.

Amid the general depression it was difficult to feel "festive," and, while the servants and the soldiers had a party on New Year's Eve, at which they entertained nearly all the village till dawn, the Herrschaft were very dull, forgetting all about New Year till the morning, when at breakfast a letter arrived from the priest wishing all in the Schloss a good and blessed New Year. After the Mass we went to the priest's house to give him our good wishes; the Princess, when he had regaled us with the most delicious home-made wine I have ever drank, failing to persuade him to come to lunch, reminded him that he and the schoolmaster were expected to tea before the treat. The priest looked uneasy and replied, "Oh yes! just so—exactly."

At half-past four the priest arrived, bringing a message that the schoolmaster wasn't coming.

"He's probably ill again," said the Princess. "I always said that wife of his is a useless good-for-nothing."

Tho priest again fidgeted but said nothing.

The Christmas tree was lit in the largest drawing-room, and the presents arranged on tables at the top of the room. As early as half-past four the whole village had assembled in the courtyard, and, the night being cold and snowy, the Princess gave orders to admit all at once. The soldiers kept guard, explaining, when we entered the room at half-past five, that they had had hard work in keeping the younger members of the company from choosing and walking off with their presents before the Herrschaft appeared. Everybody was there—old men, old women, mothers, aunts,

cousins, babies in arms—all who were even remotely connected with a school child. Mr. Remeceks was absent; it was beneath his dignity as headman of the village to attend a school treat, but he was sufficiently represented by his multitudinous relatives. The women wore every petticoat and skirt in their possession—all stiffly starched and pleated for the occasion; for the Hungarian peasant does not consider herself suitably attired for any function if she has fewer than eight or nine skirts on, and the more she resembles a balloon the more she is in full dress.

There were presents for everybody—for the grandmothers and the babies, too. The boys all wanted trumpets, of which, happily, the supply was limited. But even so there was blowing and blasting in the village of K—— that must have caused envy to the Archangel Michael.

When all were fed till they couldn't possibly carry away any more, either externally or internally, the psychological moment arrived when the Princess asked the children to sing the songs they had prepared for her. The guests all looked blank, and during the long pause that ensued, Stefka Jan's baby let his present—a mug decorated with a picture of the two Kaisers and the Austrian and German flags—fall to the floor, where it smashed into as many pieces as even I could wish.

"An omen," I remarked audibly to the priest, who was next me.

The priest, obviously not displeased with the idea, smiled very broadly.

"Just so—exactly—that may be, Fräulein."

By dint of interrogation the Princess discovered that the schoolmaster had not practised any songs with the children, who were all disappointed, and would gladly have sung all night at the Schloss.

"Is there nothing at all that they know, then? Can't somebody start something well known?" said the Princess almost in tears.

I offered to start "God save the King"; but after a withering glance at me, the Princess led off the Hungarian national hymn in a key so high that disaster soon resulted. Nothing daunted she stopped, saying, "That's not the key, children. Let's start again," and led off her chorus a second time, while the rest of the Herrschaft, helpless with laughter, basely took refuge in the background. None of the children knew the hymn to the end, and dropped out one by one till only a few grandmothers and the Princess were in at the finish.

"And now," she said, "that was very nice, and we did without the schoolmaster after all."

Next day the Princess received a very remarkable communication from the schoolmaster, stating quite frankly that he had been offended by the Princess sending her requests to him through the priest. In future whatever the Princess wanted him to do in the school must be communicated directly to him, as it was not his way to take orders from any third person, even though that person was the priest and head of the school.

The Princess was very puzzled. "I didn't know he had any quarrel with the priest."

"He hadn't," replied the Prince, in fits of laughter.

"I told you not to start any sweeping innovations here. The fat's in the fire now."

"I don't care if it is. He's a nasty, rude man, and I hope the priest will send him away."

And unless the priest does so the quarrel, if it is like other Hungarian quarrels, will last for ever between the Schloss and the school.

A few days later the little doctor, cheery, blustering, and more pan-Slav than ever, suddenly arrived at Schloss K—— to vaccinate everybody. The Prince suggested that vaccination was only ordered for the soldiers; but the doctor said his orders were to vaccinate everybody—prince and peasant alike; so, grumbling that it was quite an unnecessary bother, for it would rise only on the young people, the Prince submitted with very bad grace.

What happened was the exact reverse of the Prince's expectations—Claire, Billy, and I ran about in impudent well-being, while the Prince and Princess really suffered. The Prince, whose arm was worst of all, thought that perhaps diet should be observed, and appealing to me as an authority on the subject—as he knew I had been vaccinated several times—inquired if he ought to drink wine.

I was very emphatic. "Certainly not. People have been known to die from taking alcohol when their arms were bad."

"Surely, though, this mild and excellent wine from Melk could not possibly do any harm?"

But, with all due respect to the monks of Melk in their beautiful monastery on the Danube headland, alcohol was alcohol, and the father of a family had no right to play with his life.

And coffee?

Poison also at such a time.

Then what the devil was he to drink?

Tea (which he loathed) with milk (which he loathed still more) and very weak.

Then early in the morning a message came from him—might he bathe?

Absolutely not—the worst possible thing at such a time. I once heard of a man who had died from bathing then.

The feeling that I was getting my own back again for his various nasty remarks about my country, was so gratifying that it is hard to say what further miseries I might have added to his life had not a telegram arrived that very morning, as he was making faces over lavender-coloured tea at breakfast, from Rome, from one full of kindness and long-suffering in forwarding my mails, to say that the patience of my relatives having at last given out, I was to return home at once.

"Thank the Lord!" said the Prince fervently. "I'll be allowed my wine and my coffee again."

The Princess took another view of my departure, for in my undertaking the journey she saw me going to my death.

"It really is a shame. I can't imagine what Jerry's people are thinking about to call her back—to England—through France, too, at such a time, when she was safe and well here. I wouldn't let any child of mine cross the Channel just now. I think they're all mad in England."

Mad or sane, there was no disputing the family

authority, and packing up began at once. The Prince telegraphed to Vienna, and got the reply that in a few days some other ladies were starting for England, and I must lose no time in coming to Vienna if I wished to join them.

The servants, like the Princess, believed that I was deliberately throwing away my life. The cook cried, wondering how any one dared cross to England among the submarines and mines in the Channel. I would surely be drowned, and would see neither home nor Schloss K—— again, and she wouldn't sleep a wink at night till she heard I was safe at home.

Marischa also cried and said, "English lady, yes, get killed in France. French, yes, very bad people—Austrians no bad."

The butler said he was glad that Fräulein Sherry would be among her own people when Great Britain was victorious and peace declared; and would I tell everybody there how his country, Bohemia, was heart and soul with the Allies.

The Oberstuhlrichter was very funny when I went to get my papers and permission to leave the country from him. He thought at first that I was simply going again to Vienna for a few days, and advised me, in a fatherly way, not to travel about so much alone.

"But it's not for Vienna at all," I said; "it's for England I want permission."

"Good God!" he ejaculated, sitting down and staring at me.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Why not! Permission for that has to be obtained by me through the Home Office in Budapest!"

"Well?"

"Well! It isn't well at all! I never registered you as an enemy alien, and how can I ask for your papers when I didn't register you in August? This, as you have certainly discovered, is a pan-Slav district, and in such districts things are as a rule made more difficult for enemy aliens. That is why I was so angry when you allowed the army doctor, Major L——, to discover that you are British. I had no wish to hamper your movements, or make things unpleasant for you at all, and I simply didn't register you. So there you are!"

There I was, indeed! A nice fix his mistaken kindness had put me in! It had never for one moment occurred to me, or to anybody else in the Schloss, that he hadn't duly registered me in Budapest, and the more I reflected on the enormity of the thing, and the penalties to which both he and I were exposed, the more determined I grew to get out of Hungary without delay.

"You are mistaken though about Budapest," I told him. "It's really sufficient if you give me the permit —stating that I have behaved myself most irreproachably, that I'm leaving the whole district in floods of tears, and that, though it breaks your heart, you cannot but give me permission to leave here for England. Say that in official language, put a big seal on it, and that's all that's necessary."

"Do you really think so?" he inquired more hopefully. "I wish I could believe that. I did have all the rules and regulations sent me in the beginning, but I've lost them long ago."

Eventually I persuaded him that it really was enough, and amid growlings and thunderings about England's going to be grovelling in the dust yet for her misdeeds in plunging all Europe into war—spilling its best blood and wearing herself and every other nation out, he wrote the document, stating that I had behaved myself in K—— in a suitable manner, and he ordered all whom it concerned to allow me freely to leave the country and return to my home. A translation of this into German for the Austrian officials, should have been made by the Oberstuhlrichter's official translator—a gentleman who knew so little German that in the end the translation had to be made by me, and legalised by the "translator," whose gorgeous seals were scarcely outdone in magnificence by those of the Oberstuhlrichter, and it was with the most imposing-looking documents that it has ever been my fortune to possess, that I arrived back in K—— at almost ten o'clock at night, to find poor Therese still collecting my belongings from every corner, for I had spread myself over the whole Schloss in a manner that is possible only in Hungary, and packing them very scientifically that they might easily be turned out by me when leaving and entering the various countries.

The Prince was interested and amused by my permit, and remarked that it seemed a lot of trouble to have to take to persuade people that I had behaved myself, but doubtless it would be helpful to those who came in contact with me. The Princess suggested that, in view of my projected journey across the Channel, I should be more gently dealt with while I was on terra

firma in Hungary; while Claire and Billy took an uncanny interest in the question of whether my insurance was only for death or disablement for life, ensuing from a railway accident, or if it also covered drowning—all of which talk, considering my very precarious state of existence any more "on terra firma in Hungary," I felt could quite well be dispensed with.

Next morning, Sunday, as Claire entered my room to tell me that if I didn't hurry up I would be late for church, wheels were heard, and looking out, she said—

"The Oberstuhlrichter!"

"Then he's here for nothing good," I said, "so let us hurry off to church. I'm safe there in any case."

But as we sneaked downstairs we were heard and dragged into the Prince's den, where the Oberstuhlrichter, seated at a table, looked alarmingly official, surrounded by all his rules and regulations, which, by some piece of ill-luck, he found after I had left on the previous evening. All the fines and imprisonments to which the Oberstuhlrichter and I were liable were stated with lurid distinctness, and the Prince—it is unquestionably an evil spirit that prompts mankind to aggressive wit at such times—at once stated that Jerry, from patriotic grounds, would never enrich the enemy's coffers by paying a fine, therefore she would go to prison: and the poor Oberstuhlrichter was so overworked that a rest in prison would do him good. Oh yes, with a little string-pulling the "option of a fine" could be eliminated; it could even be arranged that we would be sent to the same prison, where at our ease each could blame the other for having brought

things to such a pass! The Prince enjoyed himself thoroughly at our expense.

The magnificent papers which had cost me so much time and trouble to procure and translate were consigned to the flames, and I had to fill up a form stating my nationality, age, profession, amount of fortune, if eligible for military service, if I had ever been in prison, etc. To the information I gave, the Oberstuhlrichter added a tissue of lies in which he stated that since August I had been travelling in Istria, Bosnia, Carniola and every other place at a safe distance from Budapest, arriving in K—— only a few days ago, and now being called back to England by urgent family matters, I required the papers immediately.

"They'll accept my word about the travelling, and won't trouble to verify these statements; but I can assure you that you won't leave here for five or six weeks yet," he said cheerfully; "you don't know the Home Office in Budapest, but I do."

I was quite sure that I would be out of Hungary and Austria and safe at home long before that, particularly after the account he had given to the Home Office of my movements since last August; but I waited till he had gone before I announced my intention of leaving for Vienna the following day as arranged.

"But how will that help you?"

"I shall go personally to the Home Office in Vienna, and simply sit there and bother them till I get the permit."

"That's certainly an idea," said the Prince, "and I shall write a letter to the General asking him to

take you to the police first, then to the Home Office, and I do believe that if he makes himself responsible for you, you will get the permit at once ; a uniform can work wonders in Vienna."

"The General's uniform," said Billy, "has been too small for him for twenty years."

"And I am quite sure that, uniform or no uniform, General or no General, she will wait three or four weeks in Vienna too," said the Princess, "and she hasn't even a permit for the journey from here to Vienna, and the Oberstuhlrichter won't issue one to her now."

But I had kept the old one which I had got in December, and between us all we managed to change the date very successfully. The whole family had meant to accompany me to Vienna when I would leave ; but now that was all changed, and I had to steal silently away like a thief in the night without saying good-bye to Uncle Pista and Aunt Sharolta, or even my jolly friend the little pan-Slav doctor, and after tearful farewells at the Schloss, I literally fled to Vienna, which I reached without any adventures at all on the way. I immediately telephoned to the General, only to find that he had left Vienna the day previously for the Semmering with the Babe, who was suddenly invalided home again from the front, and ordered to the Semmering for a long rest. This was undoubtedly unfortunate for me, for the General could certainly have hurried things in Vienna, and after wondering if I should rout out the Admiral to see if his cocked hat could inspire the Home Office to an unwonted hastening of its ways, I decided to risk

going without any permit at all, and that if I were stopped at the frontier it would only push things forward. The English party was to leave Vienna the following night, and I told nobody that my papers were not in order for the journey. As I judged it wise to have at least my passport in order, I got the necessary photograph stamped and affixed to it at the American Consulate by an official who was Austrian—as good-natured and polite as Vienna people were celebrated for being—before the war; he hoped I would have a good journey to England, and that my reports of Austrian people would not be too bad; and he supposed my other papers were all in order, it was important.

Yes, I supposed it was important, and what happened if one were foolish enough to go without them?

"Nothing, I think. As a matter of fact, they're never asked for. The worst that could happen is delay at the frontier, and a great deal of unpleasantness while the police telegraph to make inquiry; but nobody takes these risks of course."

They were quite worth taking; if they meant, at the worst, delay at Feldkirch, the beautiful little frontier town in the Alps, the worst would be almost a privilege. That decided the matter, and I took my ticket for the sleeping-car, where there was only one place vacant, an upper berth, and acting on the Princess's advice I took it in her name, in case the lady in the lower berth might be patriotic and attack me in the middle of the night.

In the evening many friends, British and Austrian,

gathered at the station to see our party leave, and give us messages to friends at home; and though it was very obvious that it was an English party that was leaving for England, we experienced nothing even approaching rudeness at the station. My companion in the sleeping-car was a very bright Vienna lady, who at once began to talk. Where was I going? She was going to Innsbruck, did I know Innsbruck, the most beautiful place in the Tirol? Ah, I was going to Geneva: for winter-sports probably? Had I ever winter-sported before? Ah, in Galicia, just where the big battles were being fought now, and the Ruthenes, what were they like? I had straightway to tell her what I knew about Galicia and the Ruthenes; in return for which she told me what she thought of the war, saying that though I came from Hungary I must not imagine things were going so well for "us" as one imagined there. The Hungarian's blind trust in Germany would find itself betrayed one day. In Vienna their eyes were open to the appalling difficulties that lay before them. Even if the Germans should help them to put the Russians out of Galicia, where would Austria find herself? Geographically in the same position as she was at the outbreak of the war, but broken and bankrupt, and absolutely dependent on Germany for her future life. And it would be more than Germany could do to save her own life, for didn't everybody know that she too was bleeding to death, more slowly than Austria perhaps, but none the less surely.

"Are you anti-Austrian, then?" I asked sternly.

"No, I am not. I am as loyal as everybody is in

RUINS OF RUTHENISH MONASTERY NEAR NADWÓRNA.

Vienna; but we are not stupid, and know when we have been tricked. You Hungarians have helped us on to this war with your mad pro-Germanism, hoping that Germany will help you to your independence; perhaps you think you will be better off as the slave of Germany in future?"

"Of course," I interrupted from above, "you're taking my pro-German sympathies for granted. I've not expressed them, and I'm not so pro-German as you imagine."

We talked well into the night, then slept soundly till morning, when we went through to the dining-car together for breakfast. The English ladies were already there, and I stopped to talk to them. As I joined my Vienna friend at the table she had reserved for us, she asked who those ladies were and if I knew them.

"I do. They are like me returning to England now."

"But—but—you're not British? The sleeping-car attendant told me a Hungarian lady had taken the other berth," she gasped, thinking probably of how very frankly she had spoken on the previous night of the critical state of her country.

I could not help laughing at her confusion as I explained that the attendant's mistake arose through my ticket being taken in the Princess's name. In the end she also laughed, and was very interested to know exactly the treatment I had received in Hungary, "for," she said, "I am sure that all one reads in the press about British cruelty to enemy aliens is lies, and I should be sorry if British people had bad reports of us to take back to England."

I would not allow that British people in Austria had no grievances at all, but I did assure her that I received very great kindness, and that all my experiences so far had been thoroughly enjoyable. "Of course," I said, "there's still the frontier," and I felt my spirit grow sick as I thought of it; my delight of the previous day in Feldkirch and the Alps waned as the objects of it approached.

"Na, this isn't Germany. Our people will be very nice at the frontier. You may be quite sure that anything unkind that is done to British people in Austria comes, I'm sorry to say, from Berlin;" and the train entering Innsbruck she rose to go, leaving me no end of good wishes for a pleasant journey.

I then joined the other English ladies, and as we sat talking for a few moments before returning to our compartment, the police, to my horror, suddenly entered to look at passports and permits. The other ladies produced passports and permits all in order, which caused the official to finger my passport very critically, and to look me up and down in a way that was clearly threatening. At length he said—

"This is all very well, my dear lady, but I suppose you know it isn't enough?"

"What isn't enough?"

"A passport isn't enough. You are an enemy alien, and as such you must know that you can't leave your district without permission from your Stuhlrichter."

"But I have a permit," and proudly I produced the old one, written, of course, in Hungarian.

The official glared first at the permit then at me.

"Of what earthly use to me is this peculiar document, which probably isn't your own at all, for the name on it I see is not the same as the name on your passport?"

"That peculiar document"—and here the dining-car attendants, who had all gathered to listen, began to giggle, which was not soothing to the police official—"That peculiar document is a permit for me to leave my district, and states that I am a peaceful inhabitant of K—— who has the permission of the Oberstuhlrichter to leave her district."

"There's no limit to what you can say to me it states," he said, getting thoroughly angry, "for I don't know one word of Hungarian, and whatever this—this—h'm—interesting document may be, the fact remains that you're here without any permit to leave the country, and I regret that in the circumstances I have nothing else to do than take you out of the train, and keep you here till I make inquiry in your district."

"Oh, certainly," I said, preparing to leave the train. "You couldn't detain me in a nicer place—very fond of Innsbruck."

"Very well: glad you're so content. Give me the name and address of the people you were staying with and the name of your Stuhlrichter."

"Oberstuhlrichter," I corrected, giving him the information.

"Good. Oberstuhlrichter, then. Of course he didn't know you were leaving?"

"He certainly did," and I said it without a blush.

"And didn't get you the necessary papers!"

"He probably did not know they were necessary."

"There you are right," said the official, with conviction. "He very probably didn't. They are a set of idiots in Hungary."

After consultation with all kinds of officials—some gorgeous in uniform and some in plain clothes—all of whom urged him to let me go on the grounds that the Prince's name as reference was enough, he decided, while cautioning the others to remember that they had no proof that I had ever stayed with the "princely family" at all, to wash his hands of any responsibility in the matter, and let me go on to the frontier whither he informed me I travelled at my own risk, for I should certainly be stopped.

Being so thoroughly used by this time to doing things "at my own risk," I did not mind, and joyfully rejoined my countrywomen in the train. The dining-car attendant, who was Swiss, soon came along to say that it was unfortunate that Mademoiselle should have had the ill luck of having to deal with the most difficult official in Austria, and she could be very happy that she was allowed to go on, and would the ladies want lunch?

"If I'm in the train, I shall," I said.

"Mademoiselle will be in the train. There will be no difficulties at the frontier."

He was right. The police were charming at the frontier, and didn't examine the passports at all; they looked into our compartment, saw the papers in readiness, said "Gute Reise, meine Damen," and passed on. They didn't examine our handbags for letters, as we had been told they would, nor pull our

luggage to pieces, or even inquire if we had any at all. At Buchs our luggage was again not opened, and I began to wonder if Therese's labour in packing my trunks so scientifically had been in vain, but I consoled myself that in England the great turning-out would take place.

At Buchs, after changing all our remaining Austrian coin—getting sixty centimes for a krone, while the two-kronen papers were refused at any price—we bought up almost the entire stock of French and English papers at the bookstall, paying thirty centimes for a *Daily Telegraph*, and twenty for a *Daily News*—the *Times* was unanimously refused, as we had lived for the past six months on quotations from it, and on leaders on those quotations to prove that Great Britain realised she was no match for Germany and that she was playing a losing game. Our spirits rose very rapidly as we came in the afternoon to Zürich, where, having two hours to wait between trains, we renewed acquaintance with the town which, even in the short time we had at our disposal, we found to be markedly pro-German, such prominence being given in the shops to pictures of the German generals that one of our party very truthfully remarked, "This is worse than Vienna!"

In Geneva, which we reached that night, twenty-four hours after leaving Vienna, the atmosphere was entirely different, and one could not be long in the town without realising how enthusiastically pro-Ally it is. It was even difficult to think that Zürich and Geneva were in the one country. We went next day, Then our passports had been viséd by the British and

the French consuls, who instructed us as to our routes, to see the cathedral, through which we were conducted by a very young and very pro-Ally caretaker. His hatred of the Germans and their methods of warfare was unbounded.

"Brutes," he said. "Brutes! That's the best one can say of them! Women, children, and churches, that's what they care to destroy, not armies! They're worse than the Huns of the Middle Ages. Brutes!!"

This was delightful from a neutral, but it cost a lot, and I think that if he shows round many British parties our young enthusiast will soon become rich.

We left Geneva at night, at nine o'clock, travelling *viâ* Pontarlier, where the French officials, who had been advised of our coming, showed to our party every possible kindness, and again the searching of our baggage did not take place. From Pontarlier we travelled in the company of a Belgian lady, a Russian gentleman, and two French gentlemen, and each of the Allies was so interested in the experiences of the other, that we all crowded into one compartment and talked throughout the night, till we reached Paris in the morning at half-past seven—very late, the delay nearly costing us our connection at St. Lazare for Dieppe. We were all very happy and excited till, on the boat, circumstances of the very ordinary very uncomfortable cross-Channel kind made us all wonder, as we lay cold and miserable, why we had left the comforts of the enemy's land. At length the stewardess did say, "We're coming in, ladies! And it has been a good crossing after all, hasn't it?" That is always

the worst moment in a bad crossing—when the boat-people, with an aggressive cheerfulness never met with on shore, assure one that the crossing has been "Very good after all." In the train to London we could not help feeling, though glad to be home again, a little sad as we realised that, even if a time of common peace might ever lead us out of our many different ways to our Austrian and Hungarian friends again, there probably could never be between them and us the old cordial relations which our common foe, Germany, had broken between us. But it was good to be home—free to speak and free to hope!

THE END

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